

THE CANADIAN FORUM

Thirtieth Year of Issue

November, 1950

The Canadian Dollar

▶ ANY GOVERNMENT ACTION at the economic level, whether it be the imposition of tariffs, the fixing of prices, or the fixing of rates of exchange, is bound to create vested interests. The decision of the government to remove its direct control over exchange rates will not show its final results for some time, but the change in rates seems likely to settle down at about half what some people expected when rumors of par with the United States were current. Other factors mentioned below, modify the effect on two of the most important vested interests: gold and paper.

As a member of the International Monetary Fund, Canada is party to any agreement to control its rates of exchange, and not to make any changes without notice and consent. Notice appears to have been given; explicit consent could hardly be expected. The intention of the agreement was to prevent countries from making large changes, particularly to reduce the value of their currencies. After a short period, the "free" Canadian rate is not likely to fluctuate much, particularly as the Bank of Canada has the facilities to prevent fluctuations. The Bank may, indeed, decide on a suitable rate and maintain it within points—like an artificial gold standard. For other reasons, too, the rate is not as free as it sounds, for the freedom is circumscribed by import controls on goods from U.S.A. (controls which will be removed in January).

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Race Relations in South Africa

Edward Roux

▶ IT IS COMMONLY ACCEPTED that race relations in South Africa have deteriorated markedly in recent years.

This is attributed to the coming into power of the Malan government in May, 1948. It should be understood, however, that the racial situation here has never been happy and that the present government is merely carrying forward to their logical conclusion policies and tendencies which have developed for over half a century.

In 1952 South Africa will celebrate the tercentenary of van Riebeeck's landing at the Cape, which inaugurated the colonization and conquest of South Africa by Europeans. In 1938 we celebrated the centenary of the Great Trek, that breakaway from British rule (imposed on the Cape in 1806) which led to the establishment of the Boer republics of the Transvaal and Orange Free State. The year 1952 will witness also the fiftieth anniversary of the Anglo-Boer war and the re-establishment of British authority over the whole country. In 1954



"I SHOT AN ARROW INTO THE AIR . . ."

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we are not likely to celebrate the centenary of the constitution of 1854 by which the inhabitants of the Cape Colony were granted representative government and a common franchise, based eventually on property and educational qualifications, for black and white alike.

These dates may help us to review the historical process which has led to the present situation.

The constitution of 1854 was democratic, liberal, and non-racial. White Colonial, Cape Colored (of mixed European, Hottentot, Malay or slave blood) and African (Bantu-speaking negroid aboriginal) were considered as equal before the law. All had the right to qualify as voters; all had the right, if so qualified, to stand for election to the Legislative Assembly.

The white colonists who accepted this constitution did not really believe in racial equality. Whether Boer or Briton, they regarded the non-European colored ex-slave or Bantu tribesman as an essentially inferior being whose main function should be to work for the white man. However, the constitution worked very well for a time. Few non-Europeans could qualify as voters; none were ever elected to the legislature. Control of government remained in the hands of the colonists. There were certain constituencies in the eastern frontier districts where the Bantu vote predominated. These returned Europeans of professedly liberal views who declared their support of the democratic constitution. Thus was inaugurated the period of Cape liberalism.

But toward the end of the century it became apparent that increasing numbers of non-Europeans were qualifying as voters. Also there was talk of non-Europeans standing as candidates. Laws were therefore introduced raising the qualifications of voters. Nevertheless, the constitution of the Cape remained essentially democratic till 1910.

Meanwhile the trekking Boers had established republics in the Transvaal and Orange Free State. In these regions

there was no talk of equality before the law or any franchise for blacks. The South African tradition of legal, political and social discrimination against the non-Europeans was there given the full force of law and religion.

The victory of the British in the war of 1899-1902 did not alter the status of the African in the territory of the former republics. (Incidentally, Natal, which became a British colony in 1855, did not follow the lead of the Cape, and refused equal status to Africans and also to those Indians who had been brought into the country to work on the sugar plantations.) The Transvaal and Orange River Colony, as it was then called, were granted responsible government in 1907, with franchise rights exclusively for Europeans. Defeated in war, the Boer or Afrikaans²-speaking populations turned to politics. In effect, the republics, though conquered, proceeded to impose their will upon the conquerors, and this was particularly so in connection with the status of the non-Europeans.

Union between the four provinces came by mutual agreement in 1910. The Cape retained its non-racial franchise, but non-Europeans there were not granted the right to stand as candidates for the Union parliament. Further inroads were made on their rights in 1930 and again in 1936. In 1930 white women throughout the Union were enfranchised, but non-European women, including those of

(Continued on Page 176)

Twenty-Five Years Ago

Vol. 5, No. 62, November, 1925, *The Canadian Forum*.

The Hon. George P. Graham in a recent speech . . . quoted a pseudo-authority to the effect that amalgamation would mean throwing fifty thousand employees out of work . . . In the first place, this is rather a dangerous argument because if the facts are as stated it means that the public is paying the wages of fifty thousand unnecessary people, and, as the average railwayman's pay is about \$1,400 a year, the public is thereby being taxed to the tune of seventy millions per annum on this item alone. Even if this were the actual situation, we believe that the workers would be ill-advised in opposing reorganization, because so long as the country is losing money on the railways there will be persistent pressure brought to bear on the Government to reduce the pay of the men, and their only hope for a fair wage is to place the system in a position where it is not overloaded with surplus dependents. As an instance of this, the payroll of the men was reduced last year by over seven millions, whereas the salaries of superintendence were increased by half a million.

(From "The Answer to the Railway Riddle")

² Afrikaans is a derivative of Dutch, the language of the original colonists. *Afrikaner* must not be confused with *African*, the former is a white European, the latter a black aboriginal.

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¹ In terms of early Victorian ideas, women were excluded from the franchise; but this applied equally to women of European and non-European descent.

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THE UN AND WORLD SECURITY

The success of UN action in Korea has revived hopes of establishing, by the UN, a permanent and effective system of collective security against further acts of aggression. In the Korean case, however, the UN was able to act because of a combination of circumstances which may well be absent in any future outbreaks. A Commission on Korea had been established for some time, had gained considerable knowledge of the country, and was able to report quickly to the UN that aggression had occurred; Russia, carrying on its boycott, was not present to veto Security Council decisions; American troops were stationed in nearby Japan.

The Seven Nation Plan, inspired by the U.S. and at present before the General Assembly, attempts to overcome the weaknesses that would result from the absence of the above circumstances. These would be lack of knowledge and confirmation by UN observers, the deadlock resulting from the use of the veto in the Security Council, and the absence of armed forces to check the aggressor. The plan provides for the calling of an emergency meeting of the General Assembly if the use of the veto prevents the Security Council from acting on a breach of the peace or an aggression. The Assembly will be able to make appropriate recommendations to members for collective measures including the use of armed force. A "Peace Observation Commission" will be set up to make immediate investigations in any area where international conflict threatens. Each UN member will be asked to "maintain within its national armed forces elements so trained and organized" that they could serve promptly as a United Nations unit or units.

The scheme is, of course, a far cry from earlier postwar hopes of international disarmament and a world police force. It will not stop the armament race, or the stockpiling of atomic bombs; it will lack universal sanction. Mr. Vyshinsky has not agreed to it nor will his government agree to it in the future—unless Russia can at sometime command a majority in the Assembly—a state of affairs not immediately possible. But a genuine world force is, at the present time an idle dream and will be until all nations can agree upon a concept of justice to be upheld, a system of law to be maintained, and a definition of rights to be protected. The important consideration is not whether the present scheme can guarantee peace (something perhaps never guaranteeable—certainly not so long as the major powers are at outs with one another) but whether it can establish more security now and yet allow developments toward a more universal system in the future.

There is no reason why the plan, if resolutely effected, should not act as a deterrent to aggression in the trouble spots of the world. If the UN is sincere and is prepared to recognize all aggression, whether it be Communist or non-Communist, then a greater measure of security in the present and near future should result. On the other hand, it is feared in some quarters that the scheme may further divide the United Nations and add another thickness to the wall separating East and West. It may transform the UN into an anti-Communist bloc, although the presence of India and other neutrally-minded nations can do much to prevent this. It may help to stabilize the marginal areas but create greater fears in the power centres of the world.

The General Assembly has recognized that economic and social reform in Korea is necessary if peace and stability is to be established there. These requirements must be looked to elsewhere if the threat of future violence and aggression is to be removed. A purely military approach to security could afford protection to reactionary regimes which, while neglecting reform, ask for trouble and then cry for help. As long as the aspirations of masses of people for a decent life are frustrated pressures leading to violence and war will remain.

KOREA AND WORLD POLITICS

Events in Korea from the end of June to the end of October have brought about what would have seemed four months ago an impossible change in the atmosphere of world politics. The unparalleled American ability to wage modern war has impressed itself upon the imagination of the world. The myth of Soviet omniscience and invincibility has received a very damaging blow. For the Americans have not merely demonstrated their capacity as fighters, but they have lined up the support of the free world behind them; and they are now giving a lead in the re-arming of Western Europe and are proceeding to make the United Nations Assembly an effective substitute for the Security Council (paralyzed by the veto) as the international agency against aggression. Moreover, the announced plans for the future settlement of Korea, after the Communist power in the North is conquered, which are now being put through the Assembly, supply a satisfactory answer to all the Russian-inspired talk about "American imperialism."

All this, too, in the face of a domestic attack upon the government in Washington, an attack which has gone to insane lengths and which has driven even the most friendly foreign observers almost to despair the possibility of responsible political parties in the United States. Whether the President's brilliant coup in appointing General Marshall to the defence post will be nullified by the results of the November elections we cannot yet tell. But if the Republican opposition receives a rebuke from the American voters, the Truman-Acheson-Marshall-Harriman team will have a great opportunity to give moral and intellectual as well as military leadership to the western world.

Military victory in Korea, it must be understood, gives the West only a breathing space in East Asia. Soviet impatience led to an aggression in Korea which was worse than a crime—it was a mistake. If the Communists now only have patience enough to wait, the rest of East Asia seems likely to fall into their hands by natural process of time. Our western propaganda about "democracy" is meaningless for the moment to Asiatic ears. The Asiatic peoples have no tradition of our political democracy. We must demonstrate that democracy means something that comes closer home to them than our outlandish systems of voting, that it means more rice, justly distributed, and a better way of life for the masses of peasants and urban workers. This involves both the expenditure of money to help them economically and the finding of the right sort of men in each country with whom we can work in the long process of social reconstruction. If we merely prop up Syngman Rhee & Co. in Korea again, communism will

return once more by infiltration and conspiracy directed from across the borders. And so in every other East Asiatic country. The responsibility for giving a lead in the right direction rests now with the Washington government. It will be all the more difficult to give such a lead because American capacities are not unlimited, and the main front on which the communist threat must be met is still in Western Europe rather than in Eastern Asia.

ON MARGATE SANDS

Why anyone should have expected the British government to go back on the nationalization of steel, we cannot make out; except that the Conservatives were in duty bound to oppose it, and journalists who have never grasped the duties of an Opposition made the mistake of taking them seriously. The Act has been law for some time. The government made a large concession in postponing its operation until after the election, in case a new government should wish to repeal it. There being no new government, there was no repeal. The final debate on the subject should have dispelled the picture of Mr. Attlee and Mr. Morrison being forced into steel nationalization by an angry "left-wing" group. It was actually, as Mr. Crossman said in reporting the debate in *The New Statesman and Nation*, "a dull subject, since the difference between a private monopoly, completely controlled by the State, and a State monopoly is narrow. But steel nationalization has become an article of faith to politicians on both sides. To be anti-Socialist you must frustrate it; to be Socialist you must go on with it."

But the journalists who supply our papers with British political news moved on from Westminster to Margate still sniffing hopefully for the scent of internecine warfare in the Labor Party. They succeeded only in demonstrating their abysmal incomprehension of both the socialist and the British mind. It was on Margate sands, it will be remembered, that Mr. T. S. Eliot could connect nothing with nothing. At the Margate Conference, the reporters tried hard to connect the Minister of Health with a "left-wing" revolt. Apart from the news that Mr. Bevan's speech drew more applause than Mr. Morrison's, they could find little comfort. There was reasonable unity on foreign policy (most readers of our newspapers would be surprised to learn that Mr. Bevan is rather more militantly anti-Soviet than Mr. Bevin) and a general sense that the Korean crisis overrode other matters. The only signs of revolt against the leaders were sharp criticism of Mr. Bevan's own housing program, and a trade-union stand against the wage freeze. And the trade unions, no matter what reporters and anarcho-syndicalists think, are not and never will be left-wing rebels.

The Party's latest statement of principle, *Labour and the New Society*, appears to be a drab document. Its World Plan for Mutual Aid is interesting; but that is really a separate matter from the rest of the statement—and it will be more significant when the bridge that has been thrown across the dollar gap becomes a more solid structure. The main body of the statement contains a very general outline of very moderate socialist ideas: a cautious rewording of "from each according to his ability, to each according to his needs"; a list of types of public ownership and an explanation of the three possible reasons for it (control of the basic industries, improving inefficient enterprises, dealing with monopoly); a stiff bow to private enterprise; and a call for democracy in the workplace, a democracy of consumers, and a democracy of citizens. All very laudable and rather unimaginative. It is not, of course, an election program. Sympathizers with British Labor will hope that when the government does go to the country (how much more remote,

by the way, that time seems than it did last February) it will have something more striking than this and more inspiring than the nationalization of cement.

MR. KING'S SOURCES OF INSPIRATION

There is some interesting information about Mr. Mackenzie King in an English biography which was published four years ago but which does not seem to have attracted much attention in Canada. It is Mr. H. Wilson Harris' life of J. A. Spender, the famous editor of the *Westminster Gazette*. After he retired from active journalism Spender wrote a long series of very able books on politics, and Mr. King was greatly impressed by them. In 1931 he wrote to Spender about the latter's life of Sir Robert Hudson: "I have read nothing quite so helpful to one faced with the problems of party organization and finance." Two years later he was writing: "Ever since I wrote of my appreciation of your *Life of Lord Oxford and Asquith*, I have felt that I failed altogether to give you any idea of what those two volumes [the *Life of Asquith* and *Fifty Years of Europe*] have meant and will continue to mean to me. I re-read most of their pages in the quiet of the summer days at my home in the country, and more than ever I feel grateful to you for the guidance they afford."

In 1934 Spender published *These Times*, a discussion of the European crisis of the thirties in which he developed the case for democracy, supremacy of parliament, liberalism and international cooperation. Mr. King later wrote to Mr. Harris: "When *These Times* was published I recognized at once how helpful this book would be to members of the Liberal Party in Canada in their understanding of the world situation as it was emerging out of the situation in Germany. I felt that the lead which Spender had given was one which could not be too widely impressed upon the people of Canada. . . . At different meetings of my own party I impressed upon them the importance of studying carefully what Spender had written. I also secured and distributed numbers of the book, and arranged to have parts of it reprinted for distribution to speakers in the political campaign of 1935. The party was returned with a very large majority. I shall always believe that the influence of Spender's writings, in what they afforded of guidance to myself and my colleagues at that particular time, was an important contributing factor to the success of the campaign." Apparently we have still a great deal to find out concerning the influences which affected Mr. King's mind in the years when he was Prime Minister.

HOPE COMMISSION HOPE

Even in Ontario how many can remember what the Hope Commission was? Perhaps the education of the forgetful ones was faulty. Anyway we would like to explore our readers' enthusiasm for contests, and we offer a prize of a year's subscription to *The Canadian Forum* for the best limerick on the Hope Commission. The contributor should either be, or designate, a new subscriber.

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THE CANADIAN FORUM

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THE CANADIAN DOLLAR—continued

and by price agreements and bulk commodity transactions with other countries, to say nothing of the controls exercised by other countries.

Lower import costs might be expected to reduce the prices of certain goods, or to stop them rising. However, the proportion of the cost of the imports to the total cost of the final product is important; the value added by processing, storing, packing, and distribution in Canada will be affected hardly at all, and the reduction in total cost may be so slight that the saving will not be passed on to the consumer. We may *hope* that goods which went up in price when the Canadian dollar fell to a discount will now fall in price, but we should be ill-advised to count on this.

Some paper companies sell a very large proportion of their output to the U.S.A., and unless they raise their prices in U.S. dollars their total revenue will fall. These companies have been doing well recently and, at the time of writing, the stock market is not depressed about the effect on their prospects of a free exchange rate. The effect on gold-mining companies is obscured by the complicated operations of the Emergency Gold Mining Assistance Act. Some companies may suffer and some benefit a little. Whether the recent favorable rate has stimulated the tourist business to any large extent, or whether the change in rate will now affect it adversely, is difficult to determine. Canadians are likely to spend a good deal more in travel and on goods in the U.S.A. because they can obtain more U.S. dollars more easily, but the effect of this will not be concentrated on any unit in any Canadian industry.

Changes in Socialist Thinking

E. A. Beder

▶ BELATEDLY THE CCF has recognized the need for a revision of the Regina Manifesto—"the foundation of CCF philosophy"—and has instructed the National Council to prepare a new document for submission to the convention of 1952. If the Manifesto is now outmoded it might be in order to enquire along what lines a new policy should be framed.

The Regina Manifesto came into being in 1932 and mirrors fully the mood and the situation of the people of Canada at that time. It was a period of world depression and leftist thinking and organization, and here in Canada it was only natural that a political party reflecting the worldwide socialist impulse should be organized, no matter how little knowledge of socialist theory and principles might animate the leaders of the party.

Two factors held back the full growth of the CCF into a socialist party. One was the absence of any development toward political maturity within the party; it was not a question of how much of Marx should be accepted, the real trouble was the almost total ignorance of what Marx or anybody else had to say on socialist problems. In Ontario, if you wore a clean collar it was automatically assumed that you were a fit standard bearer for the CCF.



Two fellows on the horns of a false dilemma

The other factor was the economic improvement that took place in Canada and the U.S. after 1932. Nothing was solved in the Rooseveltian era, but before the economy bogged down again World War II came to the rescue and prosperity drenched the countries of North America (and many others), at least in terms of statistics.

Thus the CCF with an election banner of 1932 as its main political weapon found itself more and more out of step with political reality. It might be true that capitalist prosperity led only to depression (for which the CCF claimed it had the answer) but in the meantime the prosperity existed and the capitalist parties reaped the benefit. The masses gave their votes to the old parties.

In the face of the situation in Canada and also in the face of a general rightist trend throughout the democracies which has not been lost upon the CCF leaders, the solution seems to them to be comparatively simple. If a political program which embraces a socialist pattern, which calls for nationalization of basic industries, which follows in short the programs of other British labor parties (now being dealt body blows and pushed out of office in Australia, in New Zealand, and perhaps in Britain, soon)—if such a program can't get the votes, why not try something else?

Obviously the CCF can't compete with the Conservative Party on a "safe and sane" policy; it might want to water down its socialist references and threats of nationalization and adopt more of a social-welfare line, but in Canada, unlike Britain, the powerful Liberal party has already staked out that claim. And the CCF can't just exist as a non-socialist party; all the others are anyway.

The crisis in the CCF is therefore far greater than the leaders suspect. It is not a question of altering or adding a few lines to the Manifesto; it goes right down to the need for and the existence of the CCF as a political party.

The crisis in the CCF reflects the crisis in all social-democratic parties. All are being led to a re-examination of their programs and policies, despite their national differences in development and experience. The European social-democratic parties are haunted by their failure to maintain themselves as the major parties of the workers since the war. From a position of dominance at the war's end, they have seen themselves outmanoeuvred and weakened by coalitions until power has gone to their rightist opponents almost everywhere that parliamentary systems still exist, and they have watched the Communists take over wherever Soviet military force was supplied. Either way, over the last few years, it has been the social-democrats who have been the losers in the struggle for power.

It may be said that this is not true of the British Labor Party, but in office this party has performed a rather peculiar function. It has shown up the weakness of many of the cherished notions of social-democratic parties everywhere; in particular, that a program of nationalization in itself is not enough.

British experience showed that only economic integration on a scale far beyond the national capacity could successfully cope with its own situation. Failing that, even the limited nationalization it had hoped to introduce had to be abandoned. In the face of this lesson, it is going to be a very rash social-democratic party indeed which is going to speak of a "planned economy" in the near future in the sense of achieving a nice, cosy, national entity.

If we endeavor at this stage to translate this simple review of the situation into a possible program for the CCF, we have two basic points to begin with:

1. Because of the high level of production which came into being with World War II, and because of the immense preparation now going on for World War III, the resultant prosperity indicates that the CCF has no chance of being elected on a socialist program.

2. British experience has shown that even if the CCF were elected and attempted to carry out "a socialist planned economy" the chances are it would meet the same fate as the British Labor Party. The Canadian economy by itself is too far dependent upon other lands and other markets to insulate itself from world pressures. It could not maintain the necessary degree of integration to achieve success. Again, no socialism.

These two conclusions will certainly not prove popular; nevertheless it is necessary to face up to them. Moreover, all is not so hopeless as it would appear.

What we are having demonstrated in the world today is the futility of a policy of "socialism in one country." Long after the great struggle between Stalin and Trotsky ended, and when most of us had assumed that the question was one for the history books, history itself appears to be reviving it. Although the CCF leaders are probably not aware of the fact, their search for a new program is in reality a recognition of this new emphasis that socialism can only be a matter of integrated economies and political relationships extending to many lands.

Interestingly enough, Stalin himself appears to be reviving discussion on this question. He is quoted as saying, "both statements (you can and you can't have socialism in one country) were right—but only relatively." This in itself seems to be quite a shift in his position, but in his actions there has been an even greater shift. For he is now attempting to socialize (if you want to call it that) as many countries as possible and merge them into the Soviet plan. Obviously, his policy now is, "socialism in as many countries as possible—and quick."

Unfortunately, Mr. Coldwell and his aides have been very slow to grasp the meaning of world events; so have the leaders of the other social-democratic parties. It is true they like to refer to "socialist federations" in their more rhetorical moments, but none of them understands that the time is now.

What did Mr. Attlee do toward instituting a wider economic policy when the governments of Australia and New Zealand were also Labor? Or vice versa? Was it correct just to march the British troops out of India and announce that India was "free"? Free for native capitalist exploitation? Wasn't it possible for socialists Attlee and Nehru to have arranged something closer and more valuable for their respective countries than this "you go your way and I'll go mine" relationship which every liberal thought was so wonderful? Have the Indian people no need of a scheme of economic co-operation?

And on the political fronts? Wasn't it possible for the British Labor government to see the need for an economic grouping that could really insulate itself against the vagaries of the world market and incidentally make itself independent of U.S. largesse and domination? Wouldn't such an idea have paid off in votes as well as in well-being—in Canada as well as in Britain and Australasia? Perhaps in some Western European countries, too?

It is not merely "socialism in one country" that calls for re-examination and re-appraisal. Today it can be truly said that this applies to "life in any country." For in the present stage of world political disintegration, it is asinine for any political leader to assume that he can formulate

a political program related only to his own national scene and achieve any stability. He must line up with the forces that exist or, even at this hour, he must strive to create new forces if the existing ones are unacceptable.

There was talk of a "third force" by France some years ago. Obviously France was not the country to implement such an idea; but, curiously enough, Canada was. Of course, we lacked political development, but we had the economic resources to be the anchor for such a plan. The immediate need was for a Canada-Britain nucleus*. Had the CCF sponsored the idea and made overtures to the British Labor Party for an integrated economic partnership with a common political plank, a solution to some of the difficulties we now face might have been in sight. At any rate, such a vitalizing program would have proved to be more a vote-getter than the existing CCF confusion about whether to nationalize the banks or not.

The answer to the crisis that has arisen in the CCF will be solved neither by toning down the socialist implications of the Regina Manifesto nor by their simple re-affirmation. There has to be a new approach to the whole problem. In the past we had assumed that by dealing with our difficulties on a national basis we could find the immediate answer, and that "socialist federations" were not a matter of practical politics. Today we know that we have to advance on the international front just as well as within our own political borders, if there is to be any advance at all.

For Canada, as well as for almost every other country, the future can be made viable only in terms of some larger combination, and this idea must become just as much a part of our national political thinking as the tariff or Western freight rates. Even if the CCF adopts such a program, however, it will not have a monopoly upon the exposition of the merits of supra-national grouping. Other parties will be driven to present such a program. (The Franco-German combination on iron and steel, for example, points the way to some political combination on the part of big capital in the U.S. and Canada when the time is ripe.) The Regina Manifesto, therefore, will come in handy at all times as a reminder of fundamentals, but the form of presentation has changed.

The CCF has a future only as the spearhead of an International Labor Party representing sufficient material resources to make the term "socialist federation" more than an idle dream. In such a combination Canada is all-important because of its vast productive surplus. What is the sense of Britain's approaching France and the Benelux countries to discuss federation? Their combined economies are ill-balanced and quite unsuited for the proposed scheme. Socialize these Western European countries tomorrow and their resources still remain just as inadequate as today. Without a proper economic base, talk of a socialist federation is just poppycock; with it, there is an answer to many problems. The task of the CCF is to show Canadians how Canada can lead the way.

*This is suggested, not, as Professor Underhill believes, for sentimental reasons but because the Canadian economy has been geared to the British market.



Canadian Football

S. J. Wise

▶ ONE OF THE MOST revealing phenomena of the twentieth century has been the rise to prominence of mass spectator sports, on a scale unparalleled by the gladiatorial contests or bear-baitings of older times. Organized athletic environment on the grand scale dates from the turn of the century, but made its most striking advance in the middle twenties, the so-called "Golden Age of Sport." This was the era of Dempsey and Tunney, of Tilden and Bobby Jones, of Babe Ruth and Red Grange, of the two million dollar gate, the six-day bicycle race and the dance marathon. Today a comparable impulse is under way, this generation showing the same incapacity for amusing itself, although having an infinite capacity for amusement.

During the past half-century a great sports myth has been built up. Not even when the walls of Greek cities were torn down in welcome for the Olympic victor has the athlete been held in so high esteem. Barbara Ann Scott and Joe Di Maggio have become the pedestalled objects of a nation's adulation; in 1940 an American presidential candidate was elected when Joe Louis, after a tense period of hesitation, decided to support him. The romantic, unreal world of sport has captured the imaginations of millions. It appeals, on different levels, to every class, and the glowing deeds of its peerless champions are chronicled, with more than skaldic veneration, by legions of sports writers.

Although the athletic half-world is largely one of American creation, Canada, as usual, has been just a few paces behind. Thus the emergence of football as a mass attraction in Canada follows by two decades a similar development in the United States, although Canadians have been playing the game, after a fashion, for nearly a century. Montrealers of the 1860's were the first North Americans to be exposed to English rugby from which football on both sides of the border evolved. As played by the officers of the soon-to-be-withdrawn British regulars, teams were fifteen a side, and the ball was put into play by being heeled out from a grunting mass of eighteen men (the "scrum") into the arms of the fleet half-backs.

McGill University introduced this game to the United States in 1874, playing a scoreless draw with Harvard. The traditional rivalry with the University of Toronto started seven years later. In 1906 the game broke entirely with the English style of play, with the adoption of a national code of rules.

The object of the sport is to advance the ball (a prolate spheroid consisting of a rubber bladder covered with leather) across the opponent's goal-line, by carrying, kicking, or passing it. The field is a hundred and ten yards long, sixty yards wide, with a goal area of varying width, depending on the stadium. The offensive team must move the ball ten yards in three plays (downs) or lose possession.

As in warfare, there has been in the history of football an alternation between the predominance of the offence or the defence. Today, rule-makers, in the interests of higher scoring and thus presumably greater box office appeal, have weighted the game in favor of the attacking side. Such innovations as the forward pass, and the legalizing of blocking out defenders ten yards ahead of the spot from which the ball is put into play have put weapons of great power in the hands of the offence and, incidentally, have moved the Canadian game much closer to the American.

The analogy with war has validity in some other aspects. Over the years elaborate tactical systems called formations

have been built up to facilitate the attack. Different groupings of backfielders and linemen are employed and out of these arrangements as many as fifty distinct offensive moves may be launched. Although the team is viewed as a tactical unit, each member has his own assignment, whether blocking, carrying the ball, passing, or executing a feint attack to draw off defenders. The "T" formation, so called because of the deployment of three backfielders behind the quarterback, is now used by nearly all Canadian senior teams, whether college or professional. Thrusts from this formation are devastatingly abrupt, but to function well it requires split-second timing, fast crisp-blocking linemen, driving halfbacks, and a quarterback who, as well as being a brilliant field general, must be able to pass and to handle the unwieldy football with a juggler's skill. Although the "T" formation is not new, Canadian quarterbacks of the required calibre are almost non-existent, and all eight major professional teams have hired American specialists at this post. Perhaps the most flawless performer here is Frank Filchock of the Montreal Alouettes.

For the spectator many of the sophistications of play are lost. This is perfectly understandable, since the focus of play embraces the whole field rather than, as in boxing, baseball, or track, a limited area at any one time. Thus most people simply follow the ball as it soars in a high, spiral arc from the passer to the receiver, or is carried by a dodging, twisting halfback in the open field. Others are attracted by the violent contacts of the game, the crushing tackles and blocks, the collision of helmets, armored giants moving at top speed. For sheer color, few sports can match football—the gaudy uniforms and gleaming helmets of the players set on a green expanse of ground; the officials in their striped uniforms; and the vast crowd itself, rearing many-hued from all sides of the field up to the last row of seats on the rim of the man-made canyons characteristic of the game. And, as with other forms of human expression, it is possible to apprehend football on a higher level than this.

The discriminating fan sees the key block that permitted a rubber-legged back to burst free, notes with true intellectual pleasure the deception on the flank that shifted unwary defenders out of position, and recognizes, too, the physical and mental lapses that resulted in an abortive offensive gesture. Very few football laymen ever reach this peak of appreciation, and indeed most sports writing is on the emotional "epic" plane. Only rarely is there a columnist who can give a good technical analysis of a game. One such is Ted Reeve, of the *Toronto Telegram*, and even he has used his column as a publicity organ for the Balmy Beach club. Generally, there is a rather nauseating collusion between sportswriter and promoter. (In this connection, most clubs set aside upwards of \$5,000 for publicity and "good will.")

For, aside from the intrinsic visual merits of football itself (which it has always possessed), the greatest single factor in the post-war surge of Canadian rugby has been the application to it of the methods and organization of American big business. To win Canada's national championship it has been estimated that at least \$90,000 is required. A winning team has become a financial as well as a popular necessity, and the result has been cut-throat competition for players, the importation of high-priced American players and coaches, and the placing of the sport on a professional and contractual basis.

Before the war the most celebrated import was Fritz Hanson, of the Winnipeg Blue Bombers, who received \$1200 a season plus a job as a candy salesman. Canadians

were almost never paid. Today Canadian linemen receive at least \$100 a game, and good Canadian halfbacks upwards of \$3,000 a season. Americans all receive above \$3,500, and most of them much more. Frank Filchock is paid something like \$12,000 a season. In the west the salary scale is somewhat lower, but prior to the present season the Calgary Stampeders managed to lure a fine halfback, Royal Copeland, from the Toronto Argonauts for a sum certainly in excess of \$7,000 and probably much more.

Due to higher transportation costs and smaller stadia, the western teams (Calgary, Edmonton, Regina, and Winnipeg) have always been in a more precarious financial position than their wealthy eastern rivals, and have, at various times, resorted to public subscription to make up their operating deficit. It still remains true that to show a really profitable season a western club must win through to a trip east for the Grey Cup final at Toronto's Varsity Stadium, largest in the dominion.

Toronto and Ottawa, on the other hand, have always been on the profit side, and Montreal has undergone an amazing recovery since the war, perhaps due to the unprecedented interest in football of the French population. Hamilton, always an enthusiastic football centre, has regained strength after a disastrous experiment with two senior teams. The Ontario Rugby Football Union, although much older than either the Big Four or the Western Conference, has sunk to the farm team level and can no longer be considered as a serious factor in big-time Canadian football.

College football has never been a success in the Maritimes (where rugby is played) or in the west, due both to transportation difficulties and the lack of a reservoir of young players similar to that developed in Ontario. McGill, Queen's, Toronto, and Western all have American coaches and often outdraw the professional clubs. For the university student the football game is only a minor link in the chain of social events built around it.

It has always been the convention of Canadian football pundits that the Canadian game is much better than the American version and that therefore there should be no change of rules in that direction. For a long time, however, many people have suspected that we have clung to our rules because in this way we avoid acknowledging how really second-rate our teams and coaching have been. This suspicion is borne out by the almost complete success of the American player in our game, notwithstanding the fact that the imports we have are by no means the most skilful representatives of American football. American coaching methods stress specialization of talent, meticulous attention to fundamentals of the game, and upon this highly involved structures of play are constructed. The result is a mechanical perfectionism that a Canadian club of the old type is unable to match.

Canadian publicists, unable to grasp this trend, still wistfully endeavor to badger Americans for flattering remarks upon our great game and great players. This is becoming an embarrassing process for both sides. We in Canada will have to accept, as we have so often in the past, another triumph of American technique and aggressiveness.

SOUTH AFRICA—continued

the Cape, were excluded from this privilege. In 1936 Bantu African voters in the Cape (numbering at that time 11,000) were placed on a separate roll and the number of their representatives in parliament limited to three, who must be Europeans. The Cape Colored voters, however, were retained on the common roll. As a so-called *quid pro quo* for

loss of rights in the Cape, Africans throughout the Union were allowed representation in the Senate (Upper House) by four Europeans, to be elected by tribal chiefs, rural councils, and urban advisory boards. The same electoral machinery was employed to elect a Native Representative Council, a body having a purely advisory function. (Its advice, it is said, has seldom been asked and never taken, and for some years now its members have refused to cooperate with the government.)

It will be seen, therefore, that there was, even prior to the coming into power of the present government, a continuous whittling down of the electoral rights of non-Europeans in the Cape, while their compatriots in the other provinces have achieved no effective measure of representation. It is often argued that non-Europeans, and particularly Africans, are not sufficiently civilized to exercise the vote, and that no injustice is involved in taking or keeping it away from them. Electoral history in the Cape completely disproves this. The essential injustice of the present system lies in the fact that the individual African, however educated, cultured, and intelligent he may be, is prevented by the color of his skin from becoming a citizen.

Apart from loss of franchise rights, non-Europeans, and particularly Africans, have suffered increasingly from discriminatory legislation since 1910. This color-bar legislation is so complicated and far-reaching that it is quite impossible in a brief article such as this to do more than hint at its nature and scope.² Most important perhaps are the land laws (1915, 1936), which limit African owned or occupied land to 12 per cent of the area of the Union³ and prohibit ownership of landed property elsewhere. Linked with these are the various urban segregation ordinances which compel Africans in urban areas to reside in locations situated often at some distance from their place of work.

The pass laws cause much bitterness. These compel all male Africans to carry numerous documents which must be shown to the police on demand. Failure to produce them is a criminal offence. The pass laws restrict the movement of Africans between town and country and within town after 11 p.m. These laws (which do not apply to whites) in effect reduce Africans to the status of helots. They are administered with extreme harshness by a police force largely recruited from the rougher and less educated section of the whites, and they fill the gaols with petty offenders, who are thus brutalized and criminalized.

Important also are the various industrial color-bar laws and practices (many of them perpetuated by the white trade unions) which prevent Africans from obtaining skilled work, thus compelling them, whatever their intelligence and potential ability, to remain hewers of wood and drawers of water.

Mention should also be made of the liquor laws. All the evils of prohibition (which applies only to Africans) exist in the urban areas. Illicit liquor brewing cannot be prevented, but continual liquor raids by the police result in frequent bloody clashes, and thousands of Africans, mostly women, are annually sent to prison because of these laws. Admittedly alcoholism produces labor inefficiency and is a

contributory cause of more serious crime, but it can be fought only by raising the economic and cultural level of the poverty-stricken masses, not by prohibition and prosecutions.

A considerable amount of recent discriminatory legislation, together with the administrative tightening up of older laws and regulations, is the result of competition for supplies of native labor between the mine-owners and industrialists on one hand and the farmers on the other. A discriminatory poll tax, with criminal sanctions, was introduced half a century ago to force Africans out of the reserves and to compel them to come and labor for white employers. This incentive is no longer needed, though it remains in force. Of the different types of employment offered to male Africans, the following is the order in which they appeal: (1) factory work in towns, (2) domestic service in towns, (3) work in the mines, (4) labor on the farms. Africans have flocked into the towns, attracted by the relatively high wages offered in factories. The present predominantly farmers' government is trying to reverse this townward migration by legislative and administrative action. Many farmers today are using convict labor. Thus increased police activity in the towns in the apprehension of poll-tax, pass-law, and liquor-law offenders may not be without its economic motive.

There has been a significant increase in serious crime in the Union since the close of World War II. Both the European and non-European populations have been affected by the crime wave, which may be due in part to post-war conditions. But serious crime in the urban area, particularly among young Africans, is probably more than a passing phase. Considerably less than half the African youths in towns receive education; tribal codes are rapidly disappearing; parental authority (with father and mother both working, or with father unknown) is often lacking; housing conditions are appalling. Gangsterism is on the increase in the locations, and law-abiding Africans bar and bolt their doors at night. Though Africans are the chief sufferers, Europeans are increasingly becoming the victims of criminal attack. In fact, the whites are beginning to pay in various ways for their treatment of the blacks.

The very serious racial situation which exists in South Africa today is, as I have tried to show, I am afraid all too briefly, the outcome of historical forces operating over a long period of time. The present government came into power⁴ through an appeal to the racial feelings of the electorate. It promised to settle the "native problem" by means of *apartheid* (segregation). In effect its actions have merely exacerbated race relations. It has made no attempt to segregate Africans into separate geographical areas where they would be able to "develop along their own lines"—a completely utopian solution in any case, for no white South African is prepared to dispense with the use of native labor. It has merely imposed more social segregation without any compensating concessions to the segregated. A small example, which however typifies the sort of thing it has done, was the ban on the use by non-Europeans of the main hall of the Johannesburg station. Africans must now "go round the other way." This sort of thing makes Africans resentful and convinces them that the government is hostile to the black man.

Other acts of the present government, such as the enforced segregation of Indians in Durban, the Mixed Mar-

² Readers who are interested will find an excellent account in John Burger's *The Black Man's Burden*, published by Victor Gollancz in 1943. A history of the black man's struggle for freedom in this country may be found in my own book, *Time Longer Than Rope*, (Gollancz, 1948).

³ The present population of the Union is roughly 8 million Africans (Bantu), 2.5 million Europeans, 1 million Colored, and 0.5 million Asiatics. Of the Europeans, roughly two-thirds are Afrikaans-speaking.

⁴ Actually the Nationalist Party-Afrikaner Party coalition, led by Malan and Havenga, received over 100,000 votes less than the United Party-Labour Party opposition, led by Smuts. The electoral laws of South Africa allow an allocation of ten per cent more voters to urban constituencies (mainly pro Smuts) than to rural ones.

riages Act (the name speaks for itself), and the Group Areas Act (which aims at segregating the Colored as well), have all revealed only this negative, oppressive side of *apartheid*. Nor is there any promise of any future legislation giving Africans and other non-Europeans more freedom or power to manage their own affairs. Instead there is the threat to abolish the Cape native vote in its entirety and to place the Cape Colored on a separate roll.

The Smuts government which was defeated in 1948 was by no means liberal in its outlook toward the non-Europeans. It also believed in and practised segregation, and was responsible for a considerable amount of discriminatory legislation in the past. But under its rule the non-Europeans benefited, if not politically, at least in respect of educational and economic improvements. Native education, for example, was rapidly expanded under Minister of Education, Hofmeyr. Social legislation, health services, school feeding, hospitalization, etc., were improved, primarily of course for Europeans; but non-Europeans also shared in these benefits. The present government has shown itself much less sympathetic to the needs of non-European social welfare. Though many schemes inaugurated under its predecessor are still being carried on, others have been curtailed.

Non-Europeans up to now have enjoyed certain democratic privileges: if not the right to vote, at least the right to organize, to hold political meetings, to publish their own newspapers. Now these privileges are in danger as the result of the Suppression of Communism Act during the last session. This act gives the Minister of Justice, without prior reference to the courts, the power to decide who is a Communist and who is not, and to advocate communism is now a criminal offence. Prior to its voluntary dissolution (which took place during the passage of the Act) the Communist Party was the only party represented in parliament which advocated complete equality for black and white and which admitted all races to its ranks on an equal basis. Just what the government hopes or intends to do with its new powers remains to be seen. Liberals fear that the term "communism" will be used to cover any form of opposition to the government among the non-Europeans and their European well-wishers. The lawyers' association protested against the measure before it was passed, declaring it to be an abrogation of the rule of law. There is little doubt that it is a big step toward the establishment of a totalitarian regime in this country.

There remains the interesting question of how far international opinion may exert a restraining influence on the Nationalist government of South Africa. To what extent external pressure by, for instance, the United Nations, is likely to help the non-Europeans it is difficult to judge. Should Africans look beyond our borders for their salvation? This is not an easy question to answer. On one hand Africans can hope for little or nothing from the white electorate, whether Afrikaans or English, and they are without votes themselves. If no one here will help them, must they not inevitably look abroad? On the other hand, pressure from outside may simply "put the government's back up," as the saying is, and do more harm than good. Two things perhaps may be said in this connection. Firstly, pressure, if it is exerted, must be strong, deliberate, and sustained, and backed with sanctions which the government will understand and appreciate. Mere pin-pricking resolutions may be worse than useless. Secondly, criticism of South Africa's internal affairs must be accurate and well-informed. Terrible things have been said about us, many of them only too true. There has also been much exaggeration and half truth. In order to bring ridicule upon such criticism the government needs only to publish, as it has done recently

more than once, a distorted and factually inaccurate account by some enthusiastic but ill-informed critic in Great Britain, Russia, or the United States. Such reports are grist to the mill of the Nationalists: they prove that the "world does not understand us or appreciate our problems." Friends of South Africa abroad would do well to bear this in mind.

The State of Israel

Albert A. Shea

► IT CAN BE ESTIMATED that in 1955 the population of Israel will be two million people. Some 75 per cent of its working population will be engaged in industrial production. The standard of living will be between that of Western Europe and the United States, with a continuing effort to approximate the latter.

This estimate must be qualified. In the case of a world war, no prediction is possible for this strategically-placed land. The estimate also depends upon the establishment of peace between Israel and its Arab neighbors. At present there is a truce fretted with incidents. Unless the truce is transformed into a peace treaty, or a series of treaties, the prospects of the standard of living are dismal. An established state would soon be bled dry by the cost of maintaining a full-scale standing army, and of prolonged and complete curtailment of trade with its natural customers and sources of supply. For a newly-established state, these difficulties are deadly serious.

The need for peace is not all on one side. In June, 1950, near Tel Aviv, I talked with Major-General Howard Kennedy, head of the recently established United Nations Works and Relief Agency. This UN agency is handling the problem of the Arab refugees on a constructive rather than on a charity basis. Major-General Kennedy of Ottawa, an engineer and former head of supplies for the Canadian Army, had just returned from a tour of the six Arab countries against which Israel fought its war for independence. He was impressed with the serious effect on the economies of countries like Syria, Lebanon, and Jordan of complete lack of trade with their neighbor Israel. He considered a peace treaty highly necessary for the sake of all concerned.

One of the main obstacles is Egypt, guiding spirit of the Arab League, which continues to feel the sting to its pride of military defeat at the hands of tiny Israel.

The cost of the present armed truce cannot be exactly stated since Israel has a secret military budget. Informed estimates indicate that about 50 percent of the national revenue is devoted to the armed forces. Moreover, universal conscription of men and women is a heavy drain on the country's limited supply of skilled labor, at a time when a vigorous program of construction is being pushed.

Another heavy economic burden is the cost of the new immigrants. The present population of Israel is approximately 1,300,000. This includes about 200,000 Arabs. Of the Jews in the country more than 400,000 have arrived since the establishment of the state in May, 1948. Most of these arrived without capital. Many who arrived from Europe were in poor health after years in concentration and refugee camps. For the most part the immigrants now arriving from Arab countries are primitive people with no knowledge of modern agriculture and industrial methods. The burden comes at a most difficult time in the life of the new state, but Israel has established as a first principle its duty to

accept as a citizen any Jew from anywhere in the world who wishes to settle there. Many immigrants are provided with transport to Israel. On arrival, the government of Israel undertakes to provide food, housing, medical care, education, and training, until the new arrivals have discovered their niche and achieved self-sufficiency.

There are both credits and debits on the balance sheet of Israel. Much was demanded of the people, much was produced, and much is still wanting. Overnight, the Jews of Palestine declared themselves the citizens of the State of Israel. They were faced with the necessity of manning the civil service, setting up a democratic form of government, creating a modern fighting force. This was done, but skills are not acquired overnight. The public service of Israel is by no means as efficient or economical as it needs to be. Favoritism and nepotism are less serious than in other countries of the Near East, but under the name of "protektzia" the abuse exists and shows signs of continuing. The calibre of political leadership is high, and much credit for what has been accomplished goes to the Prime Minister, David Ben Gurion.

Economically, the situation appears impossible. For every dollar of exports, Israel has been importing nine dollars worth of goods. Israel has only been able to hold its head above these rough financial waters by reason of the generosity of Jews in other countries, notably the United States. To match its hard-won political independence with financial independence, Israel requires industries and markets. Recently an Investment Act was passed, offering numerous inducements to private capital. Takers are few. As a straight investment, Israel is a shaky risk. There is the possibility of renewed war with the Arabs. The trade unions of Israel are strongly organized, and also operate industries and large-scale agricultural and marketing co-operatives. The leading element in the coalition government is socialist. Costs of living are high. Raw materials and markets are distant. From a straight risk view, the American investor can do better closer to home. Yet some investors and industrialists are taking the gamble, sometimes for other-than-financial reasons, or because of a strong belief in Israel's future as the manufacturing and trading centre of a re-nascent Near East.

Politically, divisions in the country are numerous. The moderate socialists (Mapai) form a coalition government with a grouping of the religious parties. The second largest party (Mapam) is in the curious position of the Marxist nationalist; a situation not unlike that of Tito and his followers. So far the strength of the Mapam and their sympathy with the U.S.S.R. have made it politically expedient for the government of Israel to claim neutrality in the East-West struggle. In case of a world showdown, Israel, by reason of its geographic position, might never have a chance to make a choice. Basically, however, there can be no doubt that the sympathies of the country lie preponderantly with the West.

Socially, the country is the UN in miniature. The Jewish population comes from every country in the world, and in the evening Jews from Brazil sit down side by side with Jews from India, from South Africa, from Hungary, to study Hebrew, the common language of all. In the parliament speeches in Hebrew are simultaneously translated into Arabic for the benefit of the Arab members (at present there are three); and vice versa, for the official languages are Hebrew and Arabic. Skin colors range from pale blonde, through all shades of brown, to black. Here one finds discrimination between Jews, based upon differences in skin color, in national origin, economic status, or degrees

of religion. The religious groups would like to turn their beliefs into the law of the land, but theirs is a minority view. Many Jews hold secular views, or believe strongly in the strict separation of state and church. Political differences are mingled with religious and economic. The school system is divided: in some schools the emphasis is on socialist education, in others on religious education, and in still others there is education without a qualifying adjective. With the existing shortage of schools and teachers, this leads to a wasteful duplication of facilities.

Culturally, the picture is impressive. The cities of Israel are crowded with book stores and newsstands. An average of three new books are published each day, many of them translations, but including a number of original works by Israeli authors. There is a wide variety of newspapers, most of them in Hebrew, but with others in Arabic, English, French, German, and Hungarian. It is worthy of note that there is no Yiddish daily. Yiddish, the language of the European ghetto, has been dismissed in favor of Hebrew. Numerous professional troupes offer operas and plays, all in Hebrew. Even the clowns in the circus at Tel Aviv crack their jokes in Hebrew.

The audience for concerts and theatre is practically the entire population. Tickets for performances are expensive and hard to obtain, but many free performances are arranged for settlers in the outlying settlements.

The appearance of Israel, as one drives through the country, offers abundant evidence that this is a "going concern" despite its numerous difficulties. Everywhere there is construction, activity. The roads are crowded with trucks bearing pipes, pre-fab houses, gravel, farm equipment. The ravages of war are being rapidly repaired, and new settlements and houses spring up daily.

Water is the gold of Israel. The banners that herald victory over the desert are the long lines of sprinklers that water rich crops the year around. The older settlements with their trees, flowers, abundant crops, and even swimming pools are visible proof of what can be done with sandy desert in the space of five or ten years.

No country has more problems per square mile than Israel. The economic difficulties facing the country are enormous. Politically and socially there are sharp divisions. Yet there is a core of people in the country possessed of supreme determination to make a success of the state they have brought into being. They have utmost confidence, a confidence reinforced by their startling military success. To Jews hounded from inhospitable lands, determined to create a land of their own on the traditional site, there is one stock answer to every challenge; *no alternative*. After centuries of fear and flight they have stopped running and made their stand.

Impressions of Britain

Edwin C. Guillet

► TO LIVE IN BRITAIN is to experience a social revolution in progress. But the changes are being effected quietly and through the force of democratic government, not, as in Italy, where land reform is being forced upon Premier de Gasperi by the impetus of violent attack by landless peasants against the vast holdings of absentee landlords.

We motored some seven thousand miles through England, Scotland, and Wales, and apart from the natural beauties nothing impresses one more than the great estates which

dot the countryside, unmistakably distinguished by miles of stone walls and elaborate gateways and entrance lodges. Many of these are no longer in private hands, for by the force of taxation and inheritance dues they have been given up to the National Trust for preservation as historical museums, or have become hotels, youth hostels, schools, and institutions.

The change is a notable one. Fifty years ago 2500 private landlords shared among them half the total land of the country, and in general it may be described as much the better half. At that time it was a poor duke who did not hold the average of 142,564 acres, while the scale for marquesses, earls, viscounts, and barons varied from 50,000 to 15,000 acres. Baronets and smaller fry brought up the rear. Today Britain's greatest landowner is the Duke of Sutherland, whose original 1,350,000 acres have shrunk to a mere 350,000. Others who still retain much of that obtained by the favor of their sovereign, or their ancestors' success in feudal battles, are the Duke of Devonshire, the Duke of Buccleuch, and the Marquess of Bute; but two of the Marquess's famous properties, which we visited—lavishly furnished Cardiff Castle and ancient Caerphilly Castle—have been turned over to the State because of restricted income to maintain them. Crown commissioners now control fifty great estates, and public bodies have taken over some 5,000,000 acres altogether, including the recently nationalized coal mines. Hardly a week goes by without news of great landowners disposing of all or part of their estates. Recently the King's close relative, the Earl of Harewood, was reported selling a part of his large holdings and commenting that Sir Stafford Cripps was responsible, but even the Tory press made but a feeble effort to arouse public sympathy for him.

The revolution in public health services is similarly effecting a great change. While the very poor, by acknowledging their poverty, had previously been able to obtain free medical treatment, everyone in the country—from duke to peasant—is now treated on the same footing. Even visitors are included—we experienced it both in socialist Britain and on the Swedish-American liner *Gripsholm*, where free health service is provided by socialist Sweden. With free milk and subsidized noon meals to school children, the health service has resulted in lower death rates among children and among mothers in childbirth, and there is a general improvement in the appearance of children that even the most superficial observer can notice. A dentist told me that before the inauguration of the national service most of the great mass of the population had no dental treatment whatever, and this great backlog of need may in some measure account for the overpayment which dentists appear to have received in relation to the salaries of those in other professions. Many doctors are now diagnosticians only, and it is probable that a new generation of physicians will have to be trained under the new conditions before all are satisfied and the national scheme is working with smoothness and precision. Meanwhile, the question is not, as an American magazine writer put it, "Can we afford a national health service?" but "Can any nation afford to be without a national health service?" For surely the health of its citizens is more important even than their education—it is, in fact, a prerequisite.

By freezing wages, profits, and prices the government has largely succeeded in keeping the cost of living within reasonable bounds. Subsidized prices for prime necessities aid the process. Butter, for example, is 22 cents a pound in Britain, margarine 10 cents a pound and almost undistinguishable from butter, bread 6½ cents a loaf, and milk 11 cents a quart. When we travelled in France and Italy, we found

lots of good food in stores, restaurants, and hotels, but it appeared that only the well-to-do could buy it; butter, for example, was over a dollar a pound in Italy. By rationing and other restrictions in quantity or quality, the "fair shares" system operates in Britain with efficiency and success, and only those who would like to maintain with the Victorians that some people are destined to be accorded all the privileges while others, the great mass, are to starve in the position in which it has pleased God to place them—only these reactionaries can defend the old as preferable to the new.

Tight rationing of gasoline in Britain restricted its use to public services and essential industries until last spring. The fuel was only 35 cents a gallon, as compared with much higher prices on the continent; in France, for example, we found it about 80 cents, and in Italy \$1.10 per gallon. An additional tax has raised the price a few cents in Britain, and the ending of rationing has brought cars back upon the highways, while the high price of fuel alone continues to restrict to the wealthy their use on the continent.

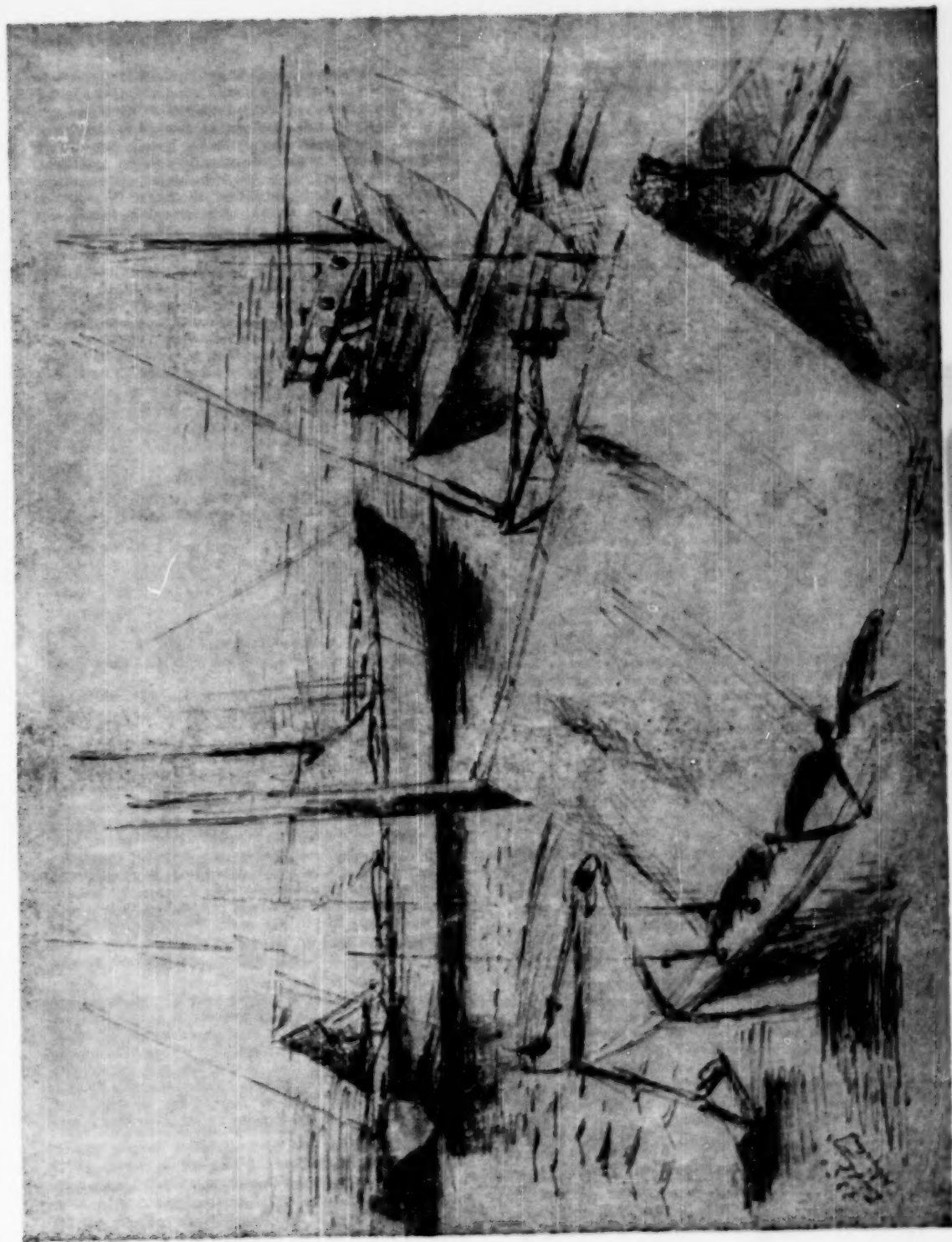
The progress of nationalization of key industries which have become monopolies is continuing, but at a slower tempo. We visited a coal mine near Newcastle and learned much at first hand about the great changes since nationalization. Wages are nearly four times as high as pre-war, while the cost of living has about doubled. Miners are now paid much more for work carried out under difficult conditions, whereas formerly they received the same as those in the best seams. Miners' children are now graduating from college, aided by state scholarships and other financial help which enables 60 per cent of Britain's university students to receive free tuition, compared with 8 per cent at the University of Toronto. Formerly a coal miner and his family were almost bound to that occupation as was a cotton operative to his mill a century ago, or a serf to his lord's land under the feudal system.

Opposition to nationalization is taking an interesting form in Britain. The sugar industry, largely monopolistic, is catering to the moronic interest in comics by deluging the country with semi-comic representations of "Mr. Cube," referring, of course, to sugar lumps. The effort is to bring into the household such propaganda as, it is hoped, will be swallowed with the sugar. Industrial life insurance companies slated for mutualization (real, not by legal fiction) are filling the press with cute advertising headed, "Fancy wanting to nationalize you, Mr. Bond!" The usual company tactics of having the agents bear the brunt of resistance to attack is being followed in this instance with the formation of agents' anti-nationalization committees to carry company propaganda to the policyholders. The expense of all this comes, of course, from the one-third of all premiums that never finds its way back into the insured's purse. The advertising sounds the rousing keynote that the independence of Englishmen is being threatened by the transfer of premiums from the companies to the State, and, with pronounced public spirit, undermines our principles of government by deprecating any interference by "a lot of officials in Whitehall."

Something prompts us here to recommend to the intelligent reader a scholarly exposure of humbug by Dr. Bergen Evans, entitled, *The Natural History of Nonsense*.

SAMPLE COPIES—We will be glad to send sample copies of this issue to your friends. Subscribers are invited to send us five names and addresses.

"LIGHTNINGS," KINGSTON—by CARL SCHAEFER



O CANADA

Business profits in Canada are so low that no appreciable lowering of prices would result if they were eliminated entirely, Francis G. Winspear, newly elected president of the Canadian Chamber of Commerce, told the Philosophical Society of the University of Alberta last night. "Average citizens are not good savers," he said. "If we relied on workers, civil servants, and even university professors, we would be doomed to disillusionment." (Edmonton Bulletin)

One of several [Hamilton, Ontario] aldermen who vigorously opposed Sunday games, Alderman Dr. Charles McCabe, declared the weird clouds which darkened the skies on Sunday, September 24th, were "a divine warning that the Sabbath should be observed." He said the explanation that the clouds were due to smoke from Alberta forest fires may be true, "but I know the reaction of our people was something far different from such a plausible cause. I hope we realize and profit by that unusual occurrence or demonstration." (Toronto Star)

The first disc show built exclusively for Monument Makers and Funeral Homes, The Memorial Hour—26 quarter-hours of charm . . . girls' Choir sings familiar nostalgic standards . . . no religious or secular music . . . (Advertisement, Canadian Broadcaster)

Beautiful Building Location lots or acreage on all weather road, 30 minutes from the heart of Winnipeg and out of reach of bomb range in a very progressive community. (Advertisement, Winnipeg Free Press)

Hamilton, Oct. 7—(Staff Special)—Indians should "in many cases" not receive as severe a jail sentence as Caucasians "because they have not the same maturity," Magistrate Beamer W. Hopkins said here yesterday.

He sent an Indian, Edward Ninkam, to jail for six months definite and 12 months indefinite on a charge of armed robbery, remarking that Indians "have not had the long contact with civilization . . . They have not become smartened." (Globe and Mail)

"Workers haven't got incentive any more because unions guarantee them a job," said Lt. Col. H. G. Morrow, M.C., purchasing and material manager for the McKinnon Industries Limited, St. Catharines, Ont. Col. Morrow, who was the former commanding officer of the Lincoln and Welland Regiment, told his listeners, "I train my assistants so that I don't have to do any work . . ." (Hamilton Spectator)

This month's prize of a six months' subscription goes to W. D. Stovel, Edmonton, Alta. All contributions should contain original clipping, date and name of publication.

On the Air Allan Sangster

► ONE WONDERS, SOMETIMES, considering the CBC, whether the present program set-up, the channels which direct final authority for what shall or shall not be heard into the hands of two or three men, is really the best which can be found.

To suggest that the National Program Office should be completely abolished would be, of course, ridiculous; it is nevertheless arguable that a certain clipping of its wings, a more extensive delegation of real authority to the regional directors and producers, might be a good thing, not only for the listening public but for the Corporation itself. Too long an occupation of any chair of supreme authority gives that chair something of the appearance of the extra chair which the dying man insisted should be placed by his bed, though only one friend was visiting him.

"But look," said the visitor, "you have your bed, I already have a chair, what's the extra chair for?"

"Oh," said the dying man cheerfully, "that's for *rigor mortis* to set in."

Perhaps that goes a little far, but there is no doubt that a certain case-hardening of the cerebrum is becoming ap-

parent; a defensive wall is growing up which is impervious to new ideas and which resists any attempt to re-shape the old. As Chester Duncan put it in a recent *Critically Speaking*: "A comfortable middle-aged spread has set in upon the national . . . program offices." One of its symptoms is an almost automatic tendency to classify material and ideas submitted as "good" or "bad" radio, and, as the malady progresses, only the old, safe ideas are admitted as "good," while the tendency to exclude all others as bad increases, so that less and less of the new, fresh, and conceivably quite good can get even the most perfunctory trial.

Take, for example, the Corporation's rigid adherence to what by now should be an outmoded convention, that of timing. Even on Wednesday Nights, where the program makers should have complete freedom from the tyranny of the clock, we still find that producers and performers are compelled to cut their suits according to the clock's rigid figures—quarter hours or exact multiples thereof.

Come, Mr. Boyle and gentlemen, is it not time you took your courage in both hands and told your producers something like this: "You can have, roughly, half an hour for that, and you an hour for this, more or less. But take the time the piece *needs*—that's more important than cutting or padding to fit an exact period. The next item will go on when you finish." Surely this was one of the original intentions of CBC Wednesday Nights, and after almost three years you still haven't gotten around to carrying it out.

Take, for another example, the things which happened to a script I know about. This script, an hour dramatic piece, is an adaptation of a world-famous short story by a world-famous author. The story is, by virtue of characterization, incident, sheer excitement, and the quality of its writing, a natural for radio—that is, it is all these things to any open, unprejudiced mind. The adaptation, while not by one of our top-flight writers, nor even by one of those within the CBC's favored clique, is nevertheless competent.

The adaptation was offered at a time when the CBC Drama Department was expressing an urgent need for scripts. Despite this urgent and chronic need, this particular adaptation got nowhere at the national program office. It was, as they say, "considered," and in that process was in the Corporation's hands for almost a year and a half. When, after a long interval, it became apparent that favorable action was unlikely, the writer sent it off to one of the regional producing centres. How different the reaction there! A producer read it, and was enthusiastic. The regional program director read it, and was very enthusiastic. It was, he agreed, a natural for radio. He submitted it to several of his producers, and they were all, he reported, equally approving.

By this time the author's hopes were high again; at last he was going to hear his work performed; at last, after all this time, he might receive a little something for his effort. But that, alas, is where the story takes a turn and becomes a duplicate of so many CBC stories. The regional program director did not have authority to schedule the piece himself, but had to send it back to Toronto for approval. And Toronto, as usual, turned it down on the basis that it was "not good radio."

JOTS AND TITLES

On Saturday, September twenty-third, on the program Saturday Magazine, the CBC gave twenty-five minutes of free publicity, on the full Trans-Canada network, to the Canadian Pacific Railway. On that day the first section

of this program was devoted to the fall grain movement through Winnipeg, and Canadian Pacific or CP or CPR was mentioned at least once a minute all the way through.

Now the movement of western grain is good material for such a program, interesting, we should think, to most Canadians. But why, we wondered, does not our own nationally owned radio system bend over backwards to ensure that all such valuable free publicity goes to our own nationally owned railway system?

• • •

One of the summer dramatic series, an eleven-week effort called *It's Murder* wound up on September twenty-second with a dramatic monologue titled "The Man Who Murdered My Wife." This was a trick script and the trick was visible after two minutes, obvious after five, but even so "The Man Who Murdered My Wife" must be counted one of the highlights of a fairly dismal series. Much credit for the success of the closing piece must go to Bill Buckingham, the Vancouver actor who sustained, with remarkably few flat spots, a difficult monologue for a full half hour. Only twice before have I heard this feat accomplished on the Canadian air; that it was slightly better done, those times, does not belittle Mr. Buckingham's skill, since the actor on both the other occasions was Andrew Allan.

But this series, written entirely by Mac Shoub, points again to the Corporation's wrong-headed liking for stars, for the one-man series. This practice, which not only limits the listener for a long period to the variety and invention contained in one mind, but which also gives half a summer's fees to the owner of that mind, should be shunned as the CBC now shuns adequate rates for scripts. Even when the writer is as brilliantly competent as Fletcher Markle was in his *Baker's Dozen*, the practice is not a good thing, and Mr. Shoub is certainly no Markle.

Finally, I am happy to welcome back to the network the ineffable Rawhide and his *After Breakfast Breakdown*. But, in the radio carnival, what you gain on the swings you certainly lose on the roundabouts—the same week that brought Rawhide back marked the death of one of the brightest series in a long time—Ross McLean's *Radio Cartoons*. May they not rest in peace.

The Longest Years of My Life

Samuel Roddan

"... thus having lost the bevel in the ear,
they know neither up nor down . . ."

Abraham Klein.

▶ ALTHOUGH I HAVE SOMETIMES been tagged a D.P. (Displaced Poet), I never quite realized what it involved until I first reported for work at the shingle mill, October 7, 1948. My "appointment" terminated September 1, 1950, and during this period my sole responsibility was to pack an unending flow of processed shingles, or shakes, into little cardboard boxes.

The mechanics of the operation were very simple. The operator slapped a shingle into his machine; a moving chain picked it up and guided it through two cutting blades which paralleled the sides. The shingle then travelled toward a butt saw where it was trimmed, then under a set of whirling blades which striated the surface. The shingle, now a "shake," moved forward on an endless belt and

flopped into a box. The operation had quadrupled its value and it was neatly packed into a cardboard container ready for the home-builder.

I was called a "packer" and each day handled a minimum of 10,000 shakes. We worked on piece rates of nine cents per bundle of shingles that went through the machine. In an eight-hour shift we usually processed about 145 bundles. Our average daily pay was something like \$13.00. I worked with my ears stuffed with cotton batting and during the two years estimate I used up nearly four pounds of cotton wool. The noise, dust, and speed with which the shingles moved through the machine made any relaxation during a shift almost impossible. After a time I found I could leave my packing box for two minutes every hour, but by that time it was overflowing and I would have to work furiously for twenty minutes to catch up again with the machine. At the end of eight hours I was very tired. While I worked in the mill, three men lost fingers in the saws, one man lost his thumb, another had his leg crushed, and another disappeared into the asylum. The plant employed fifteen men.

Before I left last week, I took a few snapshots during lunch hour, and, as I write now, I have the little photographs propped up in front of my desk. Everyone is smiling and looking very happy, as people usually try to do in group pictures. Paddy, the foreman, is in the centre. His hands are in his pockets, chiefly because it is pay day, and he has his dough rolled up in a big ball. He has five children and comes to work, quite often, pleasantly intoxicated. He is small, slouchy, and cheery. But when he has been drinking he becomes excessively businesslike, holds himself very erect, and walks army-style with abrupt right and left wheels. Jimmy, our shop steward, stands next to him. He is a young lad of twenty, just married, and for a time dreamt of a commercial artist's career. He lost his thumb in the machine last January. Then there is Webb, kind-hearted and fatherly. He is sixty-five, a farmer from Southern Ontario and on the Board of Managers of the local United Church. Adrian is in the back row. He is twenty-one. I have never seen Adrian smile except in this picture. He seldom speaks and has steadfastly refused to join the union. Jock, or the Colonel, stands beside Adrian. The Colonel is fifty-eight, thin, ulcer-ridden, and corrupt. His false teeth snap at you when he talks. The Colonel lives next door to the mill and raises puppies for a hobby. But he has very fixed prices for any young girl who may take a fancy to one. The other day he came to work with a big smile. The night before he had just "sold" another puppy.

Walter, who operated my machine, is a dark, handsome Ukrainian. Before he married, he used to chew snuff, and spend a hundred dollars on a week-end bust. Norman is a thin, tubercular, sub-normal-looking chap who, lately, has been studying Greek to be able to read the New Testament in the original. He usually carries a Bible, or a book such as *The Way of the Spirit*, in his lunch pail. The boys used to rag him, but they got tired of it. Arthur is Norman's pal, and is also very religious; that is, until he bought a new Austin a month ago. Last December Arthur listened to the plea of a forceful evangelist from California to aid the needy in China and wrote out a cheque for five hundred dollars—a whole year's savings. Since he got his car, he now has a girl friend too, and he told me he is planning to settle down.

During the lunch period the men seldom talk much. For a time I used to bring a magazine, but I gave it up. I was too exhausted to read anyway. Occasionally Paddy tells a dirty story, or Walter beefs about the count of the bundles,

or a postcard is passed around. A comment about the goddam weather, or the lousy lunch, or the son-of-a-bitch-of-a system we are living under, is the usual gamut of conversation. When we got our union in July, morale picked up and Walter, who had been elected a Board Member, was really going to screw-up management. But no one paid much attention and Walter lost his enthusiasm.

Now that I look back, I am not quite sure how I managed to survive those two years. I must confess I experimented with all sorts of techniques for getting through the day without the strain becoming absolutely unbearable. On my way to work I usually held what might be called a "Quiet Time," and selected one or two problems to occupy my mind. Sometimes I made a list of subjects for a week. They now look quite ridiculous, but here is a representative sample:

Monday: What is a liberal?

Tuesday: Proletarian literature.

Wednesday: Labor and education, etc., etc.

My plans always backfired, however, and by noon I was so exhausted my mind automatically went into an uncontrollable spin involving family misfortunes, sexual fantasies, bereavements, and personal disasters. Sometimes I would get hold of a quotation such as: "Experience despair as a stage in courage, pain as inescapable but a source of strength, the thought of defeat as a reminder that no dark age has outlasted or can outlast the unquenchable energy and curiosity of the mind."

Thus fortified and momentarily uplifted, I usually managed to stagger through the rest of the afternoon. There were other tricks, too, that I found useful. I tried to think back to my earliest childhood, and uncovered in this way an enormous body of childhood lore I thought I had long forgotten. Most of the stuff verged on the scatological field... the time I urinated in the front pew of my father's church and was carried screaming down the aisle by one of the elders; the Sunday morning the janitor's son and I locked the bathroom door in the ladies' choir room; the time I tried to cut a peep-hole in the toilet door...

For a time I kept a diary of my more spectacular impressions during the day, but after a while I gave it up. Letters lay unanswered on my desk at home for weeks, until in desperation I fell into the habit of sending out crisp telegrams: "Thanks for your letter. Will write soon." I seldom did. I enrolled for an evening course in Modern Poetry given by two of our best-known Canadian poets and slept and groaned through most of their lectures. Later I developed a loathing for all proletarian literature written by professors of English, and, incidentally, for all the chubby-cheeked salesmen who used to come around the mill with big smiles on their puss and smelling of powder and brillianine. I posted the Russian alphabet in front of my packing box and for a few days was a serious Russian student. Someone scratched it over with a pencil and I took it down. I composed long poems in my mind and promptly forgot them when I got home. At great labor, I built an enormous rockery in the backyard. I planted sweet peas, and grew verbena and seedlings and pumpkins in the basement.

Tonight I am writing in a tiny room three thousand miles from the shingle mill. From my window I can see the flash of a million lights dancing around magnificent towers of concrete and steel, and far below a chorus of freshmen is chanting a ritual. But according to my time calculations, the night shift will just be punching in. Paddy will be changing the saws, and Webb, I guess, is working overtime, as usual, with the tow-motor.

But wait.

I am nearly through writing these notes, and I feel better, for the time has come, at long last, to file away my little photographs in some bottom drawer. I will lose them, yes, but I will never forget you, Paddy and Walter and Arthur, never. And now, O glittering and white, I am going to walk down Broadway...

Strange Music

Eric Cameron

SHORT STORY

► HE FELT HIS WAY down the sagging steps in the hall with the knowledge that she was gone pressing upon him with all its hopeless reality. One of her neighbors had given him the information. She had left early that morning—destination and future address unknown.

At the last stair he turned right and walked slowly, counting each step. After seventeen steps, when his supple fingers brushed the apartment door and knew that it was his, he recalled how he had been obliged to feel the metal number plates on the doors during the first few weeks.

A heavy body lurched into him without warning and he flattened against the door. His nostrils contracted with the acrid fumes of stale beer and cheap liquor.

"Goddam nigger! Whyntcha look where yur goin'," a thick voice mumbled.

Powerful biceps flexed, then relaxed hopelessly. With a muttered apology he opened the door and closed it quickly behind him. The drunk's incoherent muttering faded down the hall and he heard him stumble on the loose board at the top of the stairs.

Standing in the centre of the small room which the piano dwarfed, he felt his body trembling and sweat trickling down his ribs. His mind was clouded, his thoughts a seething turmoil. It was always one extreme or the other. Strangers cursed him for getting in their way; those who knew exerted themselves to be kind. He resented the pity more than the curses, the offers of assistance that would never be made could he but see like themselves. Why would they not accept him as an ordinary human being? Why regard him as an oddity, a subject for whispered conversations in the hallway that reeked of over-boiled cabbage and damp laundry drying in greasy kitchens?

Ironically enough she had accepted him as he longed to be accepted. But then, only the blind can understand the blind. He had learned that at the school only too well. Now she was gone—gone without a word—gone without the explanation she had promised him only the night before.

He walked over to the piano and leaned against it, loving the texture of the smooth glossy wood, the cold waxy surface of the keys under his fingers. The piano had brought them together, had been the first link between them. Later it had become something deeper, something more alive and vital, something that he could instinctively feel whenever she entered the room or came near him.

Strange how they had met, or was it? He had advertised that he was available for lessons. It was a case of necessity, not choice, for he had never been able to stretch his disability pension to cover the last few days of each month. She had knocked on his door and had become part of his life as well as his first pupil.

The others counted for little. Spoiled children of aspiring middle-class parents; frustrated adolescents craving the fame and fortune of a musical career but resenting the effort

and concentration involved. They came for one, two, and sometimes even three lessons, then never returned. Seldom paid, either.

The word "career" always mocked him at night as he lay alone and silent, listening to the multitude of sounds from the street below his window. The clashing of gears, muffled throb of exhausts; the grinding of trams, ribald voices of drunks; the screech of alley cats, the patter of rain on the window-sill that cooled the sticky night air. Once he had laughed quite loudly. A man accosted a girl on the street below. The words had been audible but muffled. Then had come the resounding whack as her hand met his cheek, followed by the receding clicking of her heels on the pavement. Then silence again.

Sometimes, as he lay there unable to sleep, he cursed the war. Then he would remind himself that he was not the only man who had suffered and lost something precious. His fierce determination to succeed would rise anew and draw all the well-developed muscles as taut as the strings of powerful bows. He was young—it was only a matter of mastering his hands without the aid of his eyes. The results of the exhausting work would sometimes make him grit his teeth to keep from screaming at the top of his voice.

She had saved him at a time when his spirits had been at their lowest — so low that he had seriously considered selling the piano. She had helped in so many ways. Her fees bridged the gap between eating two full meals a day instead of only one during the last week of the month. He knew that she had to go without to supply the money, so insisted that she eat with him on the three evenings each week that she came down for her instruction.

Her cheerful personality and self-confidence had been like an injection of a wonder drug. The very fact that they understood and helped one another had established a mental balance, allowing him to concentrate more than ever on his task, and the results had been inspiring. After the first meal together it had seemed natural when she took over the cooking on such occasions.

Then the invitation to play as guest star at a large charity benefit. No financial return, of course, but the applause and genuine appreciation of his performance meant more to him than any amount of money. She was in the audience, he knew, and he had played for her, aware only of her, as if they were alone in the great hall.

There had been but one thing to mar his happiness. In his own mind he knew that he had treated her unfairly and was guilty of deception. He had meant to tell her, right from the first meeting, that he was not of her race. But, for some intangible reason, the opportunity had slipped by and after that he had never been able to summon enough courage to disclose the fact. He had feared that it would, somehow, place a barrier between them; something that would inevitably destroy everything he cherished in their mutual status and friendship. She had always refused to describe herself, but he had been fully aware of her beauty.

Only the night before he had stood in front of the open window while she washed the dishes in the tiny kitchenette. With the cool wind that came after the rain fluttering the curtains and stroking his face, he had suddenly realized how precarious was their happiness, how frail the structure of his life as it stood.

He had sensed, then, that she was the vital key to the jagged pattern of his existence. Some of the pieces he had re-assembled, but they were not bound together solidly enough. Only she could do that, he knew. She was more to him than his career—without her, life would be a mockery.

An unbearable pain stabbed at him with the knowledge of what he had concealed from her. Obviously she had not learned it, or he would have become aware of some subtle change in her. They had closed the door to their pasts and reached eagerly for the future together. How they had lost their sight, what they had been and done before, simply did not exist any more.

He had decided to tell her first how he felt, then unveil the rest. When she joined him at the window and put her arm about his waist, he had turned suddenly and taken her in his arms, the words pouring forth of their own accord. When her arms tightened about him and he heard the sobbing intake of her breath he realized that a confession was unnecessary. She knew—had probably known for some time.

"I can't tell you how I feel," she had sobbed, and her tears were salty on his lips. "All I can say is that it could never be. It hurts to say that, but perhaps some day I'll be able to explain."

The room had seemed cold. He had released her, turned back to the window which he could not see, his jaw muscles aching from clamping his mouth into a hard line. He had resisted the impulse to ask her why. He knew the answer. There was nothing to say so he remained silent until the door closed quietly. Listening to her footsteps on the stairs as she went slowly up to her apartment, each footstep had been a sharp knife-thrust cutting away a part of himself, scarring what had been and defacing what was to have been.

Now, with the bitter memories crowding in, the room seemed to imprison him. He slammed the cover down over the piano keys and rushed into the hallway. Down the stairs, as quickly as he could stumble, heedless of the lurking menace of toys and roller skates left on the stairs by the hordes of children who made it their playground. He gasped for air while at the same time his lungs seemed on the verge of bursting.

At the lower entrance he stopped to steady himself. His legs trembled as if he had not eaten for days. The park was the only place where he would feel free, he knew. They had called it their world of reality where one could hear, feel, and smell life. Life unconfined by brick walls and stone ramparts, life that conveyed a sense of unity with things living.

They had met often there in the cool evenings or late afternoons to share the warm spring sunshine, to smell the grass and flowers and buds on the trees, to listen silently to the birds and squirrels and children who seemed to have so much in common. It had been their island and refuge, and when there alone, each had listened intently to every approaching footstep hoping that it would be the familiar one.

The rows of mailboxes were cold and hard through his damp shirt and against his spine. Footsteps swung in from the sidewalk and he turned quickly, fumbling for his own mailbox. The woman stopped to talk to the janitor sitting on the outside steps and he recognized his neighbor's guttural accent.

"Who took the empty apartment?"

Their conversation was blurred and failed to register until suddenly her name was mentioned. The sound of it was like a whiplash across his shoulders and he stiffened.

"Ain't been rented yet," the janitor replied. "Reckon I'll have a crowd around tomorrow, though." He hawked, cleared his throat, and spat. "Can't fer the life of me understand why that nice little colored gal had to leave."

He clutched the mailboxes with his back to them as if crucified there. Suddenly he laughed, a strange sound, and the woman paused in the middle of a sentence. He was unaware of their curious scrutiny.

"Where did she go? Where is she now?" he almost shouted and stumbled forward. He heard the woman shrink away from him.

"Somewhere on Denman Street, I guess. Sent her trunks up there this afternoon, but I forget the address right now," the janitor told him.

Denman Street . . . Denman . . . Denman, the word raced across the blank, impenetrable screen before his eyes. He would find her; had to find her now. There was nothing to explain—he knew why she had gone away.

Film Review

D. Mosdell

► IT ISN'T OFTEN that you get two such violently opposed propaganda pictures as *They Were Not Divided* and *All Quiet on the Western Front* playing in the same city at the same time; to take them both seriously, as they were certainly intended to be taken, could easily induce a bad case of split personality. The key to comparative harmony between the two is just the simple passing of time, gentlemen, time; these two pictures are divided from each other by all of a quarter of a century. The first, the new one, is in effect a very skilful piece of propaganda for the army, and as dishonest a picture of modern warfare, though possibly not of modern army organization, as has ever been made. The other, *All Quiet*, is an honest and angry, and even after all this time, a moving denunciation of the whole idea of war. The contrast between the two is striking; but it lies not so much in what has happened to the moving-picture in twenty-five years in terms of general technique and polish, as in what has happened during the same time to practically everybody, practically everywhere. It's a change from a shocked repudiation of the very idea of another war to our present state — a kind of numbed acceptance.

They Were Not Divided is a J. Arthur Rank production, and is respectfully dedicated to the Welsh Guards, an armored regiment with a long and honorable history. The title is from Holy Writ: "David and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided." The picture follows the career of two friends, officers in the regiment, from their enlistment and basic training in England through the invasion and liberation of Europe in World War II. The high romantic note of manly dignity struck in the title is emphasized by some shots in the beginning of the recent trooping of the Welsh colors at Buckingham palace, and the whole picture has a well-simulated air of authenticity. This is an armored unit, the men we watch in the campaign are tank crews, and such manoeuvres as we see are tank manoeuvres. The unit moves swiftly from one French town to another, and dozens of little maps are inserted to keep the travelogue straight in your mind and to remind you that all this really happened — the style of *They Were Not Divided* might be called Neo, or Decorated, Documentary. There is something mercifully inhuman about the tanks as they go trundling along, blasting what appear to be empty houses in a deserted landscape. They meet enemy fire, but from such a distance that the camera records the impact of shell-fire against tanks rather

than that of man against man. Some tanks are disabled, and billows of dense smoke go up in pillars by day; men presumably are killed. Actually, of the three deaths that are recorded in this film, two occur off-stage, like deaths in a Greek tragedy; we are informed but not shown. The third man to die is David Morgan, one of the officer-heroes. Luckily for him, the camera, and the audience, he is shot in the back and paralyzed, so that he has plenty of time to leave last-minute messages to his newly-acquired wife, and to take an appropriately touching farewell of his friend. Outside of that, we see one enemy sniper shot down out of a tree, and the comic Irish corporal suffers a broken leg. But *They Were Not Divided* is a movie about an entire campaign; and yet the sum total of physical pain and human agony presented in it is rather less than anyone would expect to sustain in a bad bout of the toothache.

The impression you get of the Welsh Guards is that they are, without exception, a noble, literate group of men. Those who are not in a position to quote poetry or the Duke of Wellington organize a fine Welsh choir and sing for the chaplain's services. There are no moronic types in this regiment, no men who look as if they joined the army because they could find no useful niche in civilian society; and for all I know, it's all true to fact. The impression you get of war, as such, is that it is a tremendous, exciting, well organized business, moving inexorably and with great purposefulness toward a stated end. This may be partly true; but it is not the whole truth. What sets the final stamp of dishonesty on *They Were Not Divided* is the fact that the entire campaign leaves all the characters substantially the same after the campaign as before it: not one personality is altered by the experience. Philip, the philosopher of the regiment, and apparent spokesman for them all, remarks: "The things you remember about war are the wonderful and funny things that happen—not the horrors. It's not what we remember, but what we forget, that makes wars recur." That, too, is at best a half-truth—presented as the whole.

All Quiet on the Western Front, like *They Were not Divided*, follows a small group of men from their enlistment through basic training to the campaign at the front—except that this is World War I, and the campaign a losing one. The physical movement is from trench to trench rather than from town to town, and a good part of the horror of the picture lies in the enforced immobility of trench warfare. No Man's Land is crowded with men, and after a bombardment, with bodies. We see the bombardment and the bodies; a pair of hands hang on barbed wire; a dead French soldier fixes us with the *risus sardonius*. Those who survive remember the horrors quite well, and are radically altered by their experience; and with the final senseless death of the last of them the point is driven home: that war, however well or badly organized, for whatever purposes, involves men suffering pain and being killed.

Wonderful and funny things happen in *All Quiet on the Western Front*, too; but they are never allowed to obscure the essential point. Nor is it obscured by the fact that *All Quiet* is an old picture; that its screen seems cramped and crowded, and occasionally blurred, and that the acting seems closer to miming than we are accustomed to. The emotional impact, even after all these years, is anything but blurred. What emerges finally from a comparison of the two pictures is the sad and rather frightening fact that although it would not have been possible to present *They Were not Divided* to a post-World-War-I audience, it is equally impossible to imagine anybody with the nerve or the naivete to make another *All Quiet* now.

Canadian Music

Milton Wilson

► PRAIRIES: A SUITE FOR CHAMBER ORCHESTRA by Andy Twa, played on a recent CBC Wednesday night, was as satisfying a contemporary Canadian work as I can recall. Mr. Twa has a ready supply of musical ideas, which he rarely tries to stretch beyond their capacity. What is equally important, his ideas seem to belong together; he has a natural sense of sequence and development. Finally, although the program of the suite, with its three sections, "Horizons," "Towns," and "Fields," is the sort of thing that contemporary North American composers have done to death, Mr. Twa produces a result that is individual as well as adequate. I found the first two sections particularly effective. Section three, "Fields," shows some signs of strain and effort, and in trying to be more impressive is perhaps less so.

Signs of strain were far more apparent in Harry Somer's *Suite for Strings: North Country*, included on the same program. The conception behind the movements, the total pattern attempted, is often impressive, but in the details of execution I felt some poverty of invention. Mr. Somer's material rarely seems adequate to his design.

Alexander Brott's *Concordia*, performed on another recent CBC Wednesday night (but not a new work), is a symphonic poem about Montreal and the unity it can bring out of conflicting groups. In it we see a composer whose small talent is in danger of being obscured by ambitions beyond his present capacity. The attempt at large-scale, weighty utterance and the ideological pretentiousness (see the programs of both *Concordia* and *From Sea to Sea*) swamp the occasional inventiveness which Mr. Brott reveals. There are good moments in *Concordia*, but they are generally quiet and brief: little, unpretentious passages that are gone almost as soon as one is aware of them. They are succeeded by attempts at conflicts, developments, climaxes and resolutions, few of them carrying much vitality or conviction. My feeling is that Mr. Brott might be at his best composing songs. This may seem like a terrible insult to a composer of symphonic poems, but it is not intended to be. I, at any rate, would look forward to hearing some of his efforts on a smaller scale.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Editor: In the September issue of *The Canadian Forum*, Charles Meadows reviewed Blanshard's *American Freedom and Catholic Power*, and perpetrated a series of grammatical errors. In a literary column this is a disgrace.

The most flagrant example is in the following sentence: "It was the first time that some of the inner workings of the Catholic Church has been brought into the open." (The italics are mine.) Not content with that atrocity, Mr. Meadows employs a form of double negative: "hardly without comment." He mixes his tenses: "It will be as if they are looking into a mirror," and mauls his similes: "The book was hastily put aside—rather like the instinct of a husband when confronted with proof that his wife has committed adultery." I shall leave Mr. Meadows to ponder on the other glaring offenses. They are present in profusion.

Moreover, throughout the review there is abundant evidence of unfamiliarity with the elementary rules for punc-

tuation. Commas are put in at random, and omitted where they are needed: "Unorthodox, as it may be to list the chapter headings of a book in a review, I do so, as briefly and concisely they indicate the scope of this work, better than I can in five thousand words . . . I gave it to a good practising Catholic, it was not read but returned quickly to me, hardly without comment."

However, Mr. Meadows is not entirely at fault. Such errors should have been noticed and corrected by the editorial staff or the proof readers. In the future, may your opinions continue to be controversial and stimulating, but may your grammar be irreproachable.

Margaret E. Cockshull, Toronto, Ont.

The Editor: The review of Paul Blanshard's *American Freedom and Catholic Power* in your September issue demands a reply. The reviewer, Mr. Meadows, shows not the slightest sign of having evaluated the evidence on both sides. One might have expected mere idle curiosity to lead him to Catholic discussions of the book, though I suppose that horror of the Jesuits would have kept him away from G. H. Dunne's rebuttal in the January, 1949, issues of their publication *America* . . . [Blanshard's] work is not a serious, impartial consideration of a problem admittedly complex, but only another slander, only another manifestation of the "Don't put the Pope in the White House" type of propaganda. Your reviewer, however, is content to admire and to quote . . .

Notice the favorite American technique of confusion-by-catchword . . . "The separation of Church and State" is now being erected by anti-Catholics into a fundamental principle enunciated by the fathers of the American constitution, especially in order to curtail the liberty of the individual to send his children to the school he chooses. Your reviewer joins Blanshard in lamenting that the people of Quebec have this liberty. The First Amendment to the United States Constitution forbade the establishment of a state religion; hindrance to religious schools is directly contrary to its intent. Madison made this clear in debate in Congress; see the discussion of the subject by F. Ernest Johnson in the non-Catholic periodical *Religion in Life*, Autumn, 1948 . . .

The reference to the *Maclean's* article on Father Levesque is rather mystifying. Did Mr. Meadows read it? If he did, why didn't he understand it? His phrase "the inner workings of the Catholic Church" hints at a shocking exposure of "the naked ugly face" of Catholic power. No such revelation is made in the article. The situation it reveals is briefly this: M. Duplessis, a Catholic, is certainly not dominated by the hierarchy. Some of the clergy support him; some oppose him—particularly over social and labor matters. The "authoritarian" Church has said that every man has an obligation in conscience to work for social justice; but it is a matter of individual conscience how that is brought about, and no coercion is possible. Even among the clergy of Quebec, there is not complete agreement over social policies. And, as far as I have been able to find out, the Pope did not parachute the Swiss guard in to Arvida when Duplessis' provincial police took the side of the employers and the bishops took the side of the strikers.

It is foolish for anyone who discusses the "overall effect" of Catholic social and political policies to disregard completely the basic discussions of them; but Mr. Meadows does just that. The various papal encyclicals on social justice deserve his attention before he writes another such review. Before he decides that there is such a thing as a Catholic political policy, he had better read Maritain, who

has a tremendous influence on contemporary Catholic thought: "The common good of the Church lies in eternal life and in union with the divine Persons; the common good of a civilization is the right life (the earthly and human right life) of a people or group of peoples. These are two specific ends clearly distinct; they differ as heaven differs from earth." (*Scholasticism and Politics*, 1945 edition, page 179.)

"To ask Catholicism to specify a political or national ideal, and itself to replace, as a principle of temporal unification and temporal activity, the objects, the values, the impelling ideas, and the instincts, of the temporal order, would be contrary to the nature of things, precisely because Catholicism is by nature transcendent." (*Ibid.*, page 176.)

"(Political) action . . . demands co-operation on the temporal level between believers and non-believers, and it involves a law of movement other than that of Catholic action: that is, a law of concentration on itself, not of the Catholic community as such, but of the community formed by men who are animated by the same social or political concrete ideal; who share in common the same vision of the socio-temporal *convivium*; and who, as members of the city as a whole, can belong to different spiritual families . . . Catholics are free to adhere to quite diverse political conceptions, and . . . a 'Catholic of the left' can be as good a Catholic as a 'Catholic of the right,' and conversely." (*Ibid.*, pages 174 and 175.)

Your reviewer's parting shot, his comparison between Stalin and the Pope, is both stupid and in bad taste. Stalin's remark about the Pope—"How many divisions has he?"—is a sufficient commentary on their respective methods.

An article entitled "No Popery," written by Father Fergus Macdonald and appearing in the October number of *The Sign*, gives a quotation from Cardinal Newman which is apposite in a discussion of Blanchard's book:

"No evidence against us is too little; no infliction too great. Statement without proof, though inadmissible in every other case, is all fair when we are concerned . . . Saints and sinners, monks and laymen, the devout and the worldly, provided they be but Catholics, are heaped together in one indiscriminate mass, to be drawn forth for inspection and exposure according to the need."

D. J. Dooley, St. Francis Xavier University,
Antigonish, N.S.

[Ed. Note: While our head was nodding in the August sun, we sent to press the article which has called forth the correspondence above. We must plead guilty to the editorial obliquity which the first correspondent notes in her final paragraph. We are compelled also to admit the justice of the charge indicated by our second correspondent, that in a column devoted to critical reviews we published one by a writer apparently "content to admire and to quote." We are indeed sorry, and not a little confused; because while welcoming political controversy we desire to avoid religious controversy, and here is a case where this distinction is difficult to maintain in practice.]

We have been obliged to shorten the second letter without, we believe, doing any injustice to its writer. One of the deleted paragraphs was based on the assumption that we were a CCF journal, and as this assumption is quite false to our enthusiasm for political independence we seize this opportunity of remarking upon it once again. Whatever our journalistic misdeeds, we were not representing the point of view of the CCF in the September "Turning New Leaves," nor, may we add, a point of view which even in the heat of the August sun we should pretend to be anything but the reviewer's own.]

The Editor: I have just read Mr. Underhill's editorial on Mackenzie King, carefully, four times; and I still don't see why a Third Force in world politics is impossible. Could you describe "the realities of world politics" which make it impossible?

Is it because as long as Russia is expanding and the U.S. is resisting no other country is safe unless assured of the protection of one or the other? Well, in that case, may we plead for a stronger emphasis on "presenting our point of view vigorously from within the North Atlantic Alliance"? The military power blocs are fixed already: apparently the U.S. "has" Canada, Britain, Australia and New Zealand. But she is in danger of losing Asia and Africa, and even possibly Western Europe and Latin America, because their oppressed races and classes are rising, and Russia is helping them. Nothing can shake the military solidarity of the Anglo-American bloc; it does not need this dead intellectual homogeneity which is allowing the U.S. to make enemies. Surely we can and must oppose the total diplomacy of the U.S. State Department, the preventive war policy of the U.S. military, and the hysterical Russophobia of the U.S. public. Total diplomacy regards even completely non-tactical co-operation with or imitation of Russia as "dangerous appeasement of Russia"; thus we will not trade with Russia and Eastern Europe, or support the Asian people's drive to national independence and socialism, just because Russia supports it. When the U.S. makes a stupid, unnecessary and dangerous move her allies should bombard her with criticism and counter-action: we can criticize the move in our domestic and exported press and radio, send notes of protest to Washington, and vote against it in the UN. Surely we can compel the U.S. to stop backing the bad and the losing side in Formosa, Japan, French Indo-China, the Philippines, Iran, Greece, Italy, Austria, Western Germany and Latin America, and to send packing the lobbies of Franco and Malan. If you insist that a political Third Force is impossible, surely you will agree that a moral Third Force is indispensable?

Gloria Harrow, London, England.

[Frank Underhill writes: The political "Third Force" has been made impossible, as I pointed out in my article, by Russian policies which have forced a polarization of world politics into two armed camps. Some of the more responsible papers in England, such as the *London Times*, the *Manchester Guardian*, and the *Economist* are doing exactly what she calls for, i.e. they are criticizing vigorously the sinister elements in American public opinion and policy. But they are not so hysterical as to fail to see that they have numerous and powerful American friends who agree with them, and that the most important of these friends are in the White House and the State Department. I should judge that the writer of this letter must be dependent for her news about the United States upon the *New Statesman*.]

The Editor: May I offer a footnote to the excellent editorial on the pressing cost of daily living which appeared in your October issue? The one dairy product which can be procured still at bargain prices is powdered skim milk (not to be confused with various brands of dried whole milk). At 29¢ a pound for dry skim milk you get the nutritional equivalent of fresh milk less the cream at a cost of 7½¢ a quart. It may not be found sufficiently palatable for drinking straight, but its high-protein content makes it excellent for cooking purposes. Because it is somewhat difficult to buy in the usual retail outlets, I add that Loblaw Groceries carry it.

Mrs. P. Revels, Toronto, Ont.



INTERVIEW WITH INDIA: John Frederick Muehl;
Longmans, Green; pp. 310; \$4.25.

The author, in this, his second book on India, gives a very detailed and intimate account of his journey through the villages of India down along the west side. Travelling by horse, on foot, by boat, accompanying a caravan, quite often alone or only with a guide, he strayed well off the beaten path. He observed and recorded his reactions to the grinding poverty which, for the greater part, was the lot of most of the people along his route.

As he views the Indian scene from the grass roots level, he becomes very impatient with a government which, so far as he is able to observe, has done nothing to check the avarice of the banyas and the large land owners, or to break their hold on the people's lives. The promised reforms were not only slow in coming, but the old fetters of caste and privilege appeared to have been strengthened. "It was as if freedom had got lost under a shuffle of official papers." He ascribes much of the existing spirit of hopeless acquiescence among the impoverished villagers to the operating tenets of the Hindu faith.

The author evaluates the forces at work in India from the militant Hindu extremists on the one hand to the operations of the Communists on the other. He is filled with the urgency of the situation and the need for action. (In the end, if the author can be said to have reached any defined conclusion, it is the same as that which Mahatma Gandhi realized so many years before: that the solution to the problem of India is to be found in the villages.) At ordinary times and under ordinary circumstances this travelogue would probably be usually interesting, but because of the presently existing world tensions the political reflections integrated throughout create a special interest. It should, of course, be remembered that this journey took place within the year following Independence Day, August 15th, 1947.

In the context of subsequent world events and in view of the present day tensions, the primary need for maintenance of law and order, while co-ordinated plans for reform are being prepared and executed, may perhaps be better appreciated.
J. S. Hundel.

MODERN FAR EASTERN INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS: H. F. McNair and D. F. Lach; Van Nostrand; pp. 661; \$7.50.

This volume, with its twenty chapters, the first ten written by the late Professor H. F. McNair and the last ten by D. F. Lach, is a comprehensive and careful examination into an important yet most difficult area of international politics. The book is one of the most objective and detached works of the year. The political, economical, and ideological trends are clearly and adequately described, and, at the same time, the greatest possible accuracy is maintained. After reading this book, one will undoubtedly have acquired a true picture of the situation in the Far East. It will be clear, first of all, that relations between the Western and the Far Eastern countries have from the very beginning been characterized by conflict and war, over and above the interior struggle of all the Far Eastern countries

in revolt against the social and political patterns of the past. Secondly, a strong nationalism throughout the Far East (with the exception of Japan) has become more apparent in the struggle for equality and independence and the breaking off of the bonds of "colonialism" and "semi-colonialism." Thirdly, after World War II, a new force, "communism," no less nationalistic in character, has stood out clearly in the chaotic picture, evidenced by the fight against Western "imperialists." As a result, the British, Dutch, and French find it impossible to re-establish themselves in lands where they were masters before the war, and to check the fervent nationalism of their former subjects. With the success of the Chinese Communists, the Western powers have found that it will be extremely difficult to re-establish their relationship with China except by adopting a new policy of benevolence toward the people as a whole and not, as before, toward a particular privileged group.

The Western states, particularly the United States of America, should realize that "the turmoil of Asia," as the author emphasizes, "cannot be checked by troops, money, or support of outmoded regimes." The recent war in Korea is for the most part probably due to the failure of the United States to act quickly in helping the South Korean peasants. Up to 1942, 60 per cent of the entire Korean population were landless. It was inevitable that the peasants should desire to have some land if opportunity should arrive, particularly when the landlords were foreigners and enemies. In the rice-producing areas of the south, the Japanese had extended their ownership and control but employed Korean farm labor at a low wage. When Japan surrendered and the United States occupied the southern sector, the first thing that became evident was the determination on the part of the land-hungry peasants to share in the lands which had been held by the Japanese landlords and to some extent by native gentry. Riots resulted when the United States failed to make the distribution at once, insisting on a gradual change in the land tenure pattern. General Hodge at Seoul frequently heard the accusation that American policy was to support the landlords, capitalists, and reactionaries. On the other hand, the Russian policy of confiscating the lands of Japanese and "collaborationists" with quick action, apparently met

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with much approval. The universal demand for land reform should not be overlooked when the shooting war is over.

C. C. Shih.

NEW STAR IN THE NEAR EAST: Kenneth W. Bilby; Doubleday; pp. 279; \$3.50.

The new star is, of course, Israel. Mr. Bilby spent two years in the Near East as the *Herald Tribune* correspondent and this book is a result. It is a book well worth reading. Clearly and concisely written, it is an excellent piece of reporting. Mr. Bilby does not pretend that it is anything other than a journalist's view of events.

The state of Israel came into being just two years ago. Its assertion of sovereignty immediately precipitated a series of political crises involving the United Nations and every major power. It also brought Israel into armed conflict with the Arab states surrounding it. And, wonder of wonders, this two-bit-sized state has (so far) won out. Its status is recognized. It has successfully defied UN on the internationalization of Jerusalem. It thoroughly trounced the armies of Egypt, Transjordan, Iraq, Syria and Lebanon. It has retained the Negev. It has just about doubled its population.

Mr. Bilby's book is largely devoted to explaining all this. The reason for Israel's success is very well summed up in the two words which make the heading for one of his chapters: vibrant reality. Israel, meaning its Jewish population, has a dynamic will to survive and go ahead. Moreover it is a twentieth century democratic state. The Arab states, by contrast, are largely feudal in structure and approach, with a majority of landless, illiterate peasants tyrannized by a handful of self-centred landlords and kinglings. Mr. Bilby puts it this way:

"In any analysis of the government and people of the state of Israel it is easy to be overly critical by making repeated comparisons with advanced Western states. If the comparisons were restricted to the neighboring Arab states Israel would emerge as a jewel of enlightened democracy, a flawless industrial creation, with magnificently advanced concepts of the rights and dignity of laboring men and women."

Mr. Bilby moved about a good deal in his two-year stay. He interviewed the heads of the Jewish state, as well as Glubb Pasha, Abdullah and others, and writes very candidly about them. As a chronicle of military events also, the book is enhanced by the fact that Mr. Bilby was a gallant soldier; he rose from private to lieutenant colonel in the last war and won many decorations. He is thus able to write very intelligently about battles and strategy.

The book, incidentally, is not an uncritical account of Israel's emergence as a sovereign state. On the contrary, Mr. Bilby makes no bones about the machiavellian tactics which he believes were employed on various occasions. But he is a friendly critic and it is quite obvious that he wishes Israel well.

The book has an index and small but serviceable maps on the inside covers.

A. Andras.

ACROSS THE RIVER AND INTO THE TREES: Ernest Hemingway; S. J. Reginald Saunders (Scribners); pp. 308; \$3.75.

The appearance of any Hemingway book after a gap of ten years is certainly an event of magnitude; that this is such an event is confirmed by the screaming, both for and against the book, which has gone on in the literate press. That it is an event of only third magnitude instead of the

genuine first magnitude one which had been expected, seems, unfortunately, to be the fact.

In *Across the River and Into the Trees* Hemingway tells the story of the last days of Colonel Richard Cantwell, fifty year old demoted brigadier general of the American Army, and of his love for the eighteen year old Italian countess Renata, a love whose short happy life is colored and conditioned by the colonel's imminent death from heart disease.

This, almost any Hemingway devotee will recognize, is basically the story which the old master has told and told again; it might almost be called *the* Hemingway theme. Why this variation is less effective than almost any of the others have been is anyone's guess. Mine is that it might be because the central character, almost, it seems in spite of himself, is such a complete bastard; even the Hemingway magic, woven under the twin shadows of love and death, can do little more than make him tolerable.

Then, too, the book has little sweep or universal significance; the scene, even though it be Venice and adjacent Italy, is a scene where nothing much of importance—except drinking, duck-hunting, talking, and love-making—is going on. True, the colonel sounds off about a good many things—art, the generals of the recent world war, food, wine, political soldiers in high command posts, SHAEF—but his opinions are those we might expect from a tough, embittered career soldier with a surprising streak of sensitivity for art and life and all the rest of his thinking cluttered with the standard American bombast about how they are indubitably the greatest people and produce the finest fighters and most cunning generals which the world has seen or ever will. Perhaps this chauvinism may help to increase the book's popularity in its own country; here, where such opinions don't go down too well even when taken with a large handful of salt, it is likely to have a somewhat different effect. But it would surely be unwise to believe or suggest, as some reviewers have done, that these are Hemingway's own opinions merely because he has put them into the mouth of this somewhat shoddy character. He is surely too wise and intelligent a human being, too great both as man and as writer, to believe such drivel. The point is that he could hardly have brought a present-day American colonel to life, could not have presented him (to use one of the book's favorite words) truly, without making him give tongue to a good deal of nonsense and a great deal of vulgarity.

For all that, *Across the River and Into the Trees* is an interesting and moving book. The Hemingway magic may be spread thin, it may be spread upon unsuitable and unpalatable materials, but it is still there and it is still potent. To the generation to which I belong, the generation for which Hemingway made things come true on paper as no one ever had, even a second rate Hemingway novel is at least as good as a first rate effort by almost anyone else.

Allan Sangster.

APOLOGY FOR A HERO: A. L. Barker; Clarke, Irwin; pp. 263; \$2.25.

In view of the many outstanding passages which make most of this book not only enjoyable but also important reading, there is only the unwarranted length of *Apology For A Hero* as a story with which a reviewer may wish to quarrel. The author is so obviously a successful exponent of the art of short story writing as such; she has—perhaps unwittingly—arranged her novel in several delightful episodes which might equally well be appreciated out of context. Charles Candy, a rather mediocre and old-maidenish man, comes into money, marries and buys a house. He meets

his diverting sister-in-law. His wife dies, partly through his own fault. He acquires a boat. He perishes in a boyish adventure on the ocean. These, roughly, are the events intended to make up a whole. If they fail to fill 263 pages, they are yet recommended because here and there Miss Barker employs amazingly neat turns of invention and expression; both observation and phrase-construction are happily different from much of that used in contemporary writing. Frequently a reader may feel that a sequence is similar to beautiful music heard for the first time; unique in its conception and acute awareness of the lasting memories a well chosen word may initiate. *Apology For A Hero* has unusual and breath-taking moments of thrill, has humor and can be called—in short—a novel which, little publicized as it may have been, is fully deserving of our attention. One might add that in the past Miss Barker's short story collection, *Innocents*, has been singled out for the Somerset Maugham Award.

John Evers.

TWENTY MILLION WORLD WAR VETERANS; Robert England; Oxford; pp. 222; \$3.00.

To paraphrase an old saw, of the making of veterans there is no end; but it still comes as a surprise to find that almost one-third of the voters here and in the States are veterans of one war or another. Mr. England has produced a scholarly piece of work in his study of the veteran, as one should expect of a book undertaken on a fellowship. While we haven't experienced in Canada the raids on the treasury by bonus marchers and unscrupulous politicians, the possibility does exist. This is not a book for general reading, but as a definitive and exclusive study of the veteran it will stand for some years.

John A. Dewar.

ALL THIS COULD HAPPEN ONLY TO AN ENGINEER; Dr. Alois Cibulka; privately printed; pp. 237; \$6.00.

It is somewhat surprising to find an engineer producing such a poorly organized book, but despite this and the (to me) somewhat illogical opinions of the author, I found it interesting enough to read through to the end. A 'ghost' collaborator would have been a good idea. It is essentially autobiographical, and I am not yet convinced that engineers are a select group in the field of adventures.

J.A.D.

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DR. EDWARD ROUX, of the Department of Botany, University of the Witwatersrand, Johannesburg, South Africa, is author of *Time Longer than Rope*. . . SAMUEL RODDAN, of Vancouver, is at Columbia University, New York City. . . ALBERT A. SHEA contributed an article, "Canada's UNESCO Policy," to our issue of September, 1950. . . S. F. WISE lectures at the Royal Military College, Kingston, Ontario. . . EDWIN C. GUILLET, Canadian historian, made an extensive tour of Great Britain and Europe this summer. . . ERIC CAMERON lives at Buccaneer Bay, B.C.

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